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THE WRITING OF THE REQUIEM

THE STORY OF MOZART'S MASTERPIECE

By Arthur Eugen Simson

ON A SULTRY September afternoon of the year 1791, a young married couple might have been seen walking slowly along the left bank of the Danube, in Leopoldshade, a suburb of Vienna. Although they were dressed very simply—in fact, almost poorly—the passers-by noticed them attentively.

Many stood still, and, having said "Good morning," turned to watch the pair, who occasionally stopped to exchange a few words with acquaintances. Others shook their heads sadly and murmured sympathetically, "A sin and a shame! A sin and a shame!" and some added, "He cannot bear it much longer, poor fellow!"

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The appearance of the man, who was about thirty-five years old, fully justified the fear expressed. His face was pale and pinched; he walked slowly, and evidently with difficulty, and had to lean heavily on his wife's arm. Frequently he was brought to a complete standstill by a violent fit of coughing, which threatened to take his breath.

His wife's tender sympathy beamed from her eyes as she gazed tenderly on the pale, thin face, reddened now and again with a hectic flush. Its pallor was rendered all the more striking by the sunken, dark eyes, in which the fire of genius burned brightly, still undimmed by suffering. As soon as a paroxysm of coughing was over, the husband stroked his wife's hand, and tried to soothe her by saying: "Don't worry about me, dear, don't worry. It's nothing—really nothing."

At length the pair reached the gate of the Augarten, over which was the inscription placed there by the order of the Emperor Joseph II: "Devoted to the pleasure of his people by their wellwisher."

"I hope there is no one in your favorite seat, dearie," began the pretty wife. "You know it was there that you first struck me," she added roguishly, as she laughed into her husband's eyes.

"Struck you?" replied the man, amazed. "Where I first struck you—did you say?"

"Yes, where you first struck me! You have a bad memory, and I shall have to jog it a little," said the wife with comical earnestness. "You don't mean to say you have really forgotten? You have no room in your head for anything but your notes, have you, dearie?" she continued playfully, tapping his forehead with her forefinger. "Don't you remember? We had been married barely three weeks, and we brought the dog with us into the Augarten, and I said that the animal cared more for me than for you, and that if you cared to prove it you had better strike me and see how he would fly at you. Then, for fun, you boxed my ears——"

"Oh, yes; I remember it now," said the husband laughing; "and just at that moment the Emperor passed and thought I was in earnest and said: 'This is a pretty bad beginning! Not married three weeks yet, and beating your wife already! For shame!'"

And they both laughed so long and so merrily that the tears stood in their eyes, until another attack of coughing put an end to the wife's laughing.

"The good Emperor!" resumed the man sadly when the cough had spent itself. "We shall not find another like him; and yet he was neither understood nor appreciated. May his soul rest in peace!"

By this time they had reached the bench, which was sheltered by a thick bush. There they sat down after the wife had carefully spread out her handkerchief on the paint, which appeared to be scarcely dry. The cool breeze and the tonic of the piney atmosphere was very grateful to the invalid, who breathed deeply and said: "That's good!"

"Try and rest, dear," answered the wife as she took her knitting out of her pocket. "We can stay here just as long as you like."

"Constance, won't you tell me a story?" began the man after a short pause. "I love to hear your sweet voice—it is music to me, and my best inspirations come when I hear

"'YOU SEE, I HAVE KEPT MY WORD!'"

you talk or tell me a story; won't you, dear? Do, there's a good girl!"

His wife nodded to him lovingly, and began to tell him the story of Red Riding Hood, which story, she knew, her husband loved particularly to hear. Besides, she knew that the sound of her voice was more to him than the story itself. So without any sign of weariness or unwillingness she told the fairy tale to her suffering husband.

She told it cheerfully, but when she reached the point where Red Riding Hood was under the tree which she had planted on her mother's grave, she noticed that her husband had fallen asleep. She did not, however, abruptly stop, for she knew that that would awaken him; but she gradually

"ON THE SIXTH OF DECEMBER"

lowered her voice until it sank into a soft whisper, and then she ceased entirely.

Still the devoted wife sat at her husband's side, a guardian angel, watching over him. She went on with her knitting, and drove off a fly which threatened to disturb the sleeper. As she accomplished this, her face beamed with joy at having succeeded in prolonging the invalid's much needed sleep.

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At the end of half an hour or so he awoke suddenly and smiled at her.

"Good morning, Wolfgang," cried his wife merrily. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, very well," was the answer; "and I had such a beautiful dream—the music was heavenly. Oh, Constance, dearie, all the music I ever wrote was nothing compared with that which I heard in my dream!"

"What did you dream?" asked Constance eagerly.

"Oh, it was sad—and yet so glorious," said the man, clasping his hands as if in prayer. "I dreamed I was dead and in my grave——"

"Oh, darling," cried his wife, whose eyes filled with tears, "how can you say that that was glorious!"

"Wait a minute, dear," he said, putting his arm around the waist of his wife, who was leaning affectionately against him; "wait a minute, and you'll see that it was glorious. As I was saying, I was dead and in my grave, and around me there was a choir of angels singing *Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!* It was so beautiful! I have never heard anything like it in my life. It was infinitely sweeter than any church music I ever composed—and then the cymbals and the magnificent 'Tuba mirum'! Only angels could write and sing such music. It was heavenly, divine!"

And as through his mind the music of his dream passed, the composer stared fixedly before him, while his fingers moved as if he were playing a piano.

"Wolfgang," broke in Constance, whose eyes were still full of tears, "that comes from thinking so much about that silly Requiem. Goodness only knows who commissioned you to write it!"

"Sh! Sh!" answered the musician, warningly, "I have it! Yes, that's it!"

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And he hastily fumbled in his pockets for pencil and paper to jot down the notes; but neither pencil nor paper could he find. Then his eye rested on a piece of the red chalk which is so plentiful about Vienna, and which is often used for writing. He quickly seized the chalk and sharpened it, and then hastily began to scribble the music on the slats of the bench on which he had been sitting. In a short time the bench was almost covered with lines and notes.

His wife watched him in dumb amazement, and through watching him failed to observe the approach of the uniformed park-keeper, whose face showed the pride of authority and the indignation of the man whose authority has been treated with disrespect. He raised his silver-headed cane, his mark of office, and rushed toward the disfigured bench.

"Confound your impudence, you good-for-nothing loafer! So you are one of the gang which scratches all my benches, and I've caught you in the act! I'll spoil your little game this time, you scoundrel! Stop that this minute and stand up! Do you hear me? What's your name?"

"Just a second! Just wait a second, and I shall have done," replied the composer, without stopping his writing.

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"Oh, please, Mr. Guardian," began the wife, who was trembling with fear, "don't interrupt him. He's writing music."

"What?" thundered the eye of the law; "he's writing music and so I mustn't disturb him! Writing music, nothing. He's scrawling all over the bench. I say, stop that, will you! Stop it, this instant!"

"*Tuba mirum spargens sonum*," sang the composer softly to himself as he continued to write, and without paying the slightest attention to the infuriated park-keeper.

"Curse your impudence!" roared the latter, now thoroughly enraged by the cool indifference of the culprit, who paid not the slightest attention to him. "Get up, I tell you for the last time. What's your name?"

With these words, in spite of the pleading and ineffectual interference of the weeping wife, the park-watcher seized the musician by the shoulders and jerked him to his feet.

"What's your name?" he again shouted.

"I am Kapellmeister Mozart—Amadeus Wolfgang Mozart, Court Musician," replied the offender, evidently more surprised than angry at the treatment which he had just received.

The effect of the words on the burly park-keeper was wonderful. He dropped his superior official mien, and his face grew human and sympathetic. A smile even forced its way through his thick mustache.

"Mozart!" he said respectfully. "Do you mean that you are the Mozart who wrote The Magic Flute? The same Mozart?"

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It was now Mozart's turn to smile. As is well known, he was not free from vanity, and, in spite of his brilliant triumphs, he did not disdain the approval of the unlettered park-watcher. For the first time he realized how popular he was. Deeply touched, he held out his hand, saying:

"Yes, my good man! I am the Mozart who wrote The Magic Flute."

"So you are really that Mozart," exclaimed the man joyfully. "Why didn't you tell me so before? I am very sorry that I was so rough with you, Herr von Mozart."

"Oh, that's all right. No harm done," said the composer, laughing. "You were in the right. I say, I've spoiled the whole bench! But you see, I hadn't a scrap of paper with me. I hope you'll excuse me. Don't take it amiss, will you?"

"Don't worry about that," replied the park-keeper. "That's of no consequence. So you had to write it on the bench because you had no paper. Is it as good as The Magic Flute?"

"A great deal finer," answered Mozart enthusiastically.

"And is it finished now?" asked the watcher eagerly.

"Oh, dear, no," answered Mozart, casting a regretful glance at the bescribbled bench, "only, unfortunately, there is no more room on the seat."

"Just wait a minute," said the watcher, who seemed to realize the importance of the moment; "I can help you some."

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He ran off, and in a few minutes returned, panting under a load. He had brought another newly painted bench, which he had carried a considerable distance.

"Now, then," said he contentedly, as he placed the bench in front of the composer, "there is another, and if that isn't enough there are others in the park."

Mozart thanked the man and tried to decline to disfigure the bench, but the admirer of The Magic Flute insisted that he should write the rest of the Requiem.

When the whole was written, Mozart rose from his knees, and hummed through the composition from beginning to end, taking sometimes the melody, sometimes the accompanying instruments.

"Now, then," he said, "that's finished."

"Shall I send the benches to your house, so that you may copy the music, Herr von Mozart?" asked the keeper. "Or," he added heartily, "if you care to step into my house, you are quite welcome to do so. I will stay here and take care of the bench."

Mozart held out his hand and said: "That's not at all necessary, thank you. I have it here, and here," pointing to his head and laying his hand on his heart. "But I'll come back—won't we, Constance; we'll come here again, and I shall be very glad to see you. What is your name, my man?"

"Geppert," was the answer.

"Well, Herr Geppert, I am ever so much obliged to you for your kindness, and when the music which I have written on the bench is in ship-shape I'll let you know. I hope you'll come to see me then. I live at number 934 Rauhesteinstrasse. I'll play the music for you, and then you'll hear it as it ought to be played. It is a mass for the dead—a requiem."

"Thank you, very much, Herr von Mozart. I'll come, gladly, and won't you play something from The Magic Flute for me when I come there?"

"Certainly," replied Mozart laughing, "anything you like."

Mozart and his wife set out for home, she tenderly helping him by letting him lean upon her, for he had little strength.

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Over two months had passed since the incident recorded, and every day had Geppert made a pilgrimage to the bench where he had, in such a strange and unforeseen manner, met the composer of The Magic Flute. Hour after hour he sat on the bench, which still bore traces of the musician's writing, and looked wistfully along the avenue; but day after day he was disappointed, for Mozart did not put in an appearance.

"Well, it seems as if, after all, I had been neatly taken in," he growled to himself one day. "Yes, I was taken in nicely. I was a fool to believe him so quickly."

He rose angrily and went away; and the next day he again went to the same spot, to the Mozart bench, as he called it, "For," said he to himself, "surely he will come here to-day."

Weeks passed; the leaves fell, and winter came. A thick covering of snow lay over the deserted park. But, from the watcher's cottage to the Mozart bench there was a well-defined foot-path, for Geppert obstinately made his pilgrimage daily through ice and snow, and hoped against hope that he had not been tricked and that Mozart would make his appearance. His daily walk became a habitude. He could not resist taking it.

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One day—it was in the afternoon of the third of December—Geppert sat on the bench waiting. He noticed a figure clad in the priests' secular dress approaching slowly through the deep snow from the entrance.

Geppert rose respectfully as the priest neared him, and took off his hat.

"Ugh," groaned the newcomer, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "it's been no easy thing to ferret some one out, I assure you. Can you tell me where Watcher Geppert lives?"

"My name is Geppert. What can I do for your reverence?"

"Now, that's lucky," answered the priest. "I am Abbot Stadler. Kapellmeister Mozart has sent you his kind regards——"

"Then it really was Herr von Mozart," broke in Geppert joyfully. "I thought some one had played me a trick, as he didn't come again. Well, I am glad! How is Herr von Mozart, your reverence?"

The Abbot's face grew very sad.

"I'm sorry to say he is ill—very ill," he answered. "I fear that he has written his last work. He told me about having commenced it in the park here, and that he wrote it," he said smilingly, "with your help. Still, in spite of his illness, his work is so near completion that to-morrow afternoon, at two o'clock, we are going to run it over. He remembered his promise to come here again, but he has not been able to get out; so he sent me to ask you if you would do him the pleasure of coming to-morrow afternoon."

"Did he really think of me?" cried Geppert, whose emotion was plainly visible. "Yes, I'd go if I had to run through the snow for three hours to get there. This waiting to see him has been hard to bear."

"Well, good-by, Herr Geppert. Don't forget to be there in good time. Remember, Rauhesteinstrasse, number——"

"Nine thirty-four. Oh, yes, I remember the number all right. Herr von Mozart told me himself where he lived. Yes, I'll be there promptly!"

At two o'clock on the following afternoon the door of Mozart's sick-chamber was opened, and, preceded by Frau Mozart, Geppert entered, walking carefully on tip-toe. But when he saw the altered face of the invalid he received a severe shock, and could scarcely repress a sob. Death had set his mark on the musician's face. Mozart tried in vain to force a smile when he saw the face of his humble admirer, but the smile was stifled by pain. He turned his face away, but held out his hand, saying: "You see, I have kept my word. Sit down, Herr Geppert. We'll begin at once."

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Geppert took the musician's hand and pressed it to his lips, but was so overcome by emotion that he could not utter a word. Fortunately, the door again opened, and several people entered, so Geppert retreated into a corner, where he sat down. Those who had just entered were Abbot Stadler, the composer Süssmaier, who was a young friend and pupil of Mozart's; Schack, the tenor; Hofer, the violinist; Mozart's brother-in-law, and Gerl, the bass. They looked grief-stricken.

When they had greeted Mozart, Süssmaier sat down at the piano. Stadler acted as conductor and gave out the scores. Schack, as was customary, sang the air; Hofer, the tenor; Gerl, the bass, and, incredible as it may seem, Mozart himself took the contralto—sang, although dying.

Constance and the park-watcher composed the audience at that historical rehearsal.

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In all its majestic fullness rose the magnificent song of the angels as Mozart had heard it in his dream, and the Prayer for the Eternal Rest of the Dead. When the cymbals announced the coming judgment, the souls of the singers were stirred to the utmost, and out of the depths of their hearts they sang and prayed: *Et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

Then followed the magnificent *Dies irae*, which so majestically describes the destruction of the world and the terror of judgment until the Lord appears as Judge and Mediator, and the clang of cymballs calls all creatures before the throne. At that point the baton fell from the hand of the Abbot, who, deeply moved, threw his arms around the dying musician and wept bitterly. From every hand fell the score. The singers were silent, their hands folded in prayer. Mozart himself was so deeply moved by his own work that, laying down the score, he buried his face in the pillow.

The park-watcher sank on his knees, saying: "He was right. It is finer than The Magic Flute." And then, unable to restrain his sobbing, he rushed out without even saying good-by to Mozart.

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On the following day the musician was no more. On the sixth of December his remains were conveyed to the churchyard of Saint Marx. Most of the friends of Mozart were prevented by a violent snowstorm from following him to the grave, and even the few who went returned as soon as possible to the gayety of Vienna.

Only one waited while the grave-digger did his work, and then knelt down on the mound, and, with quivering voice prayed: "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!*" He did not notice the driving snow that thickly fell upon his back as he bent forward in prayer, but prayed for an hour. Then he laid a wreath on the grave and went his way—with head bowed in grief.

It was the park-watcher, Geppert.

"AND THAT ONE KNELT ON THE MOUND"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Writing of the Requiem, is translated for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by L. de V. Matthewman from the original in the Illustrirte Zeitung of Leipsic.

BROTHER MILLIKIN'S LOW VOICE

The First Time That Wiley Prayed

--By--

MARY TRACY EARLE

TO the west of North Pass, where the valley road climbs up to meet the ridge road, a tall oak tree used to stand. In daytime, all the year long, its branches seemed to beckon the valley road to labor on over the rising slopes; and by night, except when the nights were darkest, the great mass of its foliage or its angular gaunt skeleton loomed up against the sky, a shadowy landmark in the starlight, a mystery of black and silver when the moon glided out above the hills.

Under this tree, Wiley Sides and his friends often met on their way to and from the Pass, and, in consequence, its broad shadow came to be avoided by other wayfarers. Often the meetings were prearranged, and the tree was a starting-point for some expedition, undertaken more as horseplay than for any serious purpose, but which would keep the country talking for a week. Often, however, the session under the tree came after the raid, when the men, all tired at about the same time, collapsed on the hospitable earth.

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Sometimes they sang and shouted, sometimes they fought, and sometimes they fell into such deep slumber that next morning the passers saw them still lying there, with shifting sunshine and shadow on their faces, as trustful and unconscious as so many forgotten ninepins after a game of bowls.

Considered in that way, Wiley was the most trustful man around the Pass. His voice was the loudest, also; and his daring went the greatest lengths. There was no need to conjure up bug-a boos to frighten the children with in that region. The women on the scattered, lonely farms had only to go to the door and call, "Come, Wiley," and the stanchest little rebel wilted into obedience; for all the children had heard his cries and his pistol shots as his horse went galloping past in the black nights.

The mothers had heard, too, and had trembled, and some of them called "Come, Wiley" in low, half-choking voices, they were so afraid that he might be somewhere near and come. But the tall, strong, unprejudiced old tree beckoned, "Come, Wiley! Come Wiley!" and never was afraid at any time.

Next to Wiley and his friends, the man who took most pleasure in the tree was Brother Millikin, the preacher; but he enjoyed it for very different reasons from those which led Wiley into its shadow. Two or three times every week he had to take the long ride to a little settlement called Summit, where he had a second pastorate, and he often stopped beneath the tall oak to rest a while, and drew inspiration from its strong, unhampered uplift toward the sky.

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It seemed an indignity that it should always be associated with Wiley Sides, and a plan occurred to him for making it a rallying ground for a very different class of people from Wiley's friends. Standing, as it did, half way between his two churches, it was an almost obvious place for union meetings in the open air, and he announced such meetings to both congregations for Saturday nights all summer long.

The plan worked well. The people made evening picnics of the meetings, driving out in great numbers from both villages; and, if the Sunday morning services suffered a little in consequence, Brother Millikin did not care; for, one after another, Wiley's friends had sauntered within range of his voice, and their attention had been caught and held by what he had to say.

No one without great personal magnetism could have swayed their rough, iron-clad natures, and even Brother Millikin, who had great magnetism, could not make consistent converts of them all, or entirely change their lives, but he held their hearts in his hand, and so they could never wander very far.

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Wiley was the only one of the gang who had completely evaded and eluded him, giving the meetings a wide berth. It was even noticed that Wiley had become quite abstemious on Saturday nights, for fear that some time, when his ideas of locality were not quite clear, his horse should fall into the old custom and carry him to the tree and stop. It was hard, though, for him to bear anything in mind so regularly as once a week, and at last he had an inspiration for making every day like every other, as days had always been before. There should be no tree.

To have cut the tree down would have required much labor, and that was an insuperable objection from Wiley's point of view; but, having no scruples against letting months of slow decline do his work for him, Wiley had another plan. He dropped into a neighbor's yard one night, when the neighbor was not looking, helped himself to an axe, rode away to the tree, and hacked off the bark in a deep, narrow blaze around the trunk, while above him the leaves kept softly moving to and fro and whispering, as if they wondered what he was about.

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When the girdle met around the tree trunk, Wiley gave a final slash, as if to fasten it in place, and then dropped the axe. If the owners of the axe wanted it, he reasoned, they would find as little trouble in coming after it as he had found in taking it away, but an axe which one had no further use for would be cumbersome to carry home.

After making a circuit around the tree and smiling approvingly at his work, satisfaction and weariness overcame him and he dropped down and slept. It was long since he had labored even as severely as was necessary for the girdling of a tree. His horse wandered off according to habit, and browsed upon the wayside shrubbery, dreaming, perhaps, of a time when the country would be less wild, and there would be bluegrass along the wayside, instead of only sassafras.

Just as the moon was lifting a jaded face above the horizon, Brother Millikin came riding along, humming a revival hymn for the benefit of the black-hearted shadows which patrolled the road. The moonlight, touching the trunk of the old tree, showed the white gash around it, and Brother Millikin reined in his horse sharply, with an exclamation of dismay. He had grown up in pioneer times, when the hasty settlers deadened trees instead of felling them, and he looked back upon his childhood as a weird season spent among leafless girdled trees, which let the sunshine in upon the struggling crops, but made the country look as if great areas of the virgin forest had been struck by plague.

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He knew how slowly the tree would lose its vitality; it would not wholly die in one year, or in two, and, after it was dead, if no storm shattered it, it would stand on in its place for many years. But, although these things passed through his mind, his most vivid thought was one of personal affront. He did not see Wiley, who chanced to be lying in deep shadow, but he knew that the girdling must be Wiley's payment to him for having taken possession of the old tree, and a fierce resentment and obstinacy flowed up within him in answer to it.

He jumped down from his horse, knelt in the dusty road, and vowed that though every leaf withered and the tree stood, summer and winter, gaunt and black, though the branches began to crumble and to fall one by one, as long as the dead trunk stood erect and pointed up to heaven, so long would he continue to hold his summer-night meetings at its foot. He had never before done so theatrical a thing as to make a vow, and he felt half shame-faced as he lifted his head and met the eyes of the moon.

It took a long stretch of galloping to bring him to himself, and then he reined his horse about and galloped back to the tree to kneel down in the same spot and ask that both he and Wiley might be forgiven for their sins.

Wiley slept tranquilly through both the angry and the humble prayer, only waking up when the sun suggested it by pouring broadsides of light into his face. He walked round the tree again and smiled at it, then whistled to his horse, got on, and ambled away in search of some one who would rather invite him to breakfast than have him sit too long on the front doorstep as a guest.

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The day was Saturday, and that night Brother Millikin stood in the sparkle of torches, preaching as he had never preached before. The pathos of the doomed tree which sheltered him made him feel more deeply the pathos of our human lives, which may not keep on and on, but have their limit set upon them from the first.

There was a hastier rustling of the leaves of the old tree, and far in the north a gleam of heat lightning played back and forth like a subtle thought, but Brother Millikin did not notice, and not a face was turned away from him. The lightning grew more vivid, and there was a growl of thunder.

A single face wavered toward the north. The motion was swift, but he caught it and leaned forward, speaking with a more thrilling emphasis. The wind swept upon him out of the northwest in a great cool rush, bringing the roar of a distant forest and setting the branches twinging overhead. The thunder-cloud spread into an undefined, menacing blackness, walling out the stars, and the lightning blazed across it in great streaks and vivid darts of fire.

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Brother Millikin's exhortation strengthened with the crashing volleys of thunder. There had come to be a fair contest between him and the storm as to which should fill the ears of the people, and he was not used to giving up his rights. He paused and pointed with a solemn hand into the north. For an instant there was not a sound, for even the thunder ceased. It was an instant of victory. He made a downward motion, and the people sank upon their knees, but before his lips were opened there came the recurrent thud of a galloping horse, and a great voice shouting out a song. The bowed heads began bobbing up all over the crowd and turning to stare into the dark. A whisper passed among them.

"Wiley Sides."

Brother Millikin clenched his hands, and, as the thunder crashed again, he began his prayer. "Oh, Father, pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall——"

"I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," bellowed the voice in the darkness, and the people sprang up and ran apart, making way for a horse that charged straight through the congregation toward the tree. Two or three men seized the bridle, holding him back from Brother Millikin, who did not seem to hear. The torches and the almost incessant lightning shone upon a huge figure lurching forward in the saddle, and a great, broad, foolish face.

"I'm Captain Jinks," Wiley reiterated; but suddenly he became aware that another voice was lifted besides his own, and he shifted a little farther forward with a friendly smile. "I tell you," he declared, "I can yell a heap louder'n you-uns; jus' listen!"

Brother Millikin did not cease to pray. A crowd of men gathered round the newcomer, trying to pull him to the ground, but he struck out at them with blows which sent them reeling down around the horse; then the immense volume of his voice poured forth again, and he brandished his arms wildly as if he were trying to brush the minister's voice out of the way. Brother Millikin's prayer struggled on, and the thunder pealed.

The cloud had risen so that it was just above the tree when a flash leaped down from it, tearing off the boughs, and ploughing its way straight to the earth. Brother Millikin and Wiley Sides and all the people near dropped as if dead, while some who were farther away stood dazed and helpless, breathing the strange odor of the lightning, and hearing the horse gather himself after a moment of stupor and rush away through a darkness into which the overthrown torches sent no light. The tree was shattered.

At last the rain gushed down; the people who had fallen began raising themselves to their elbows, and those who had been less stunned went about among the others, sheltering burning matches between their hands and bending anxiously over still, white faces which showed no sign of life.

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Brother Millikin was the last to open his eyes. His lips moved, but only a whisper came from them. He tried again, struggling to a sitting posture in alarm. Still he could not speak, and a look of awed comprehension came into his face. He lifted a shaking hand, pointing high into the darkness, and then let it fall upon his lips. The shocked faces of his people bent close above him.

"I can never preach again," he whispered; a sob shook him, and he closed his eyes.

Wiley Sides pressed up to the minister, his big face working with sympathy. Stooping down, he put a hand on Brother Millikin's arm. "Say," he began, "I can yell a heap louder'n you-uns ever could, an' I'd been yellin' under this tree long before you-uns ever started. You can jus' speak low in my ear what you wanter say, an' I'll bet I can make it heard."

It was a sincere offer, made in all confidence and kindliness of heart. Brother Millikin recoiled at first, and some one was about to pull Wiley out of the way, when the minister leaned toward him and whispered sharply in his ear: "Repent!"

Wiley drew back as if shot, and then a foolish smile spread over his face. He did not dare to meet the ridicule of refusing to listen to Brother Millikin when he had invited him to speak. "That's a good beginnin'," he said complacently; "shall I say that out, er do you wanter tell me some mo', so'st I can git it all off to once?"

Brother Millikin beckoned him nearer; the people gathered, watching their faces. Brother Millikin's eyes shone with an intense fervor, and he seemed to be breathing his very soul into Wiley's ear, but Wiley's big face was blank, except for the smile that lurked around his half-opened mouth. After a while the smile vanished, and a frightened look came in its place. This was the first time he had listened to a sermon.

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Swiftly as the rain rushed down out of the black sky, the holy warnings and promises poured into Wiley's consciousness until a thrill of fear went through him; he forgot the people who were watching him, and felt himself alone with Brother Millikin's insistent whispering and the awful God of night and storm. He was as frightened as a child in the dark, and all his terror broke out in a groan.

Then Brother Millikin's face changed to tenderness, and he whispered of hope and pity, and of the open door through which all who lay their sins aside may pass. He told of the unchanging love that forgives more than seventy times seven, and of the joy of hearts at peace with God.

One by one the people who could hear nothing and see little had slipped away, but those who were still watching saw Wiley's expression change as if it were reflecting the light in Brother Millikin's eyes. It would have been hard to tell how much the big man understood, and how much he had become the tool of Brother Millikin's fervor, but no one questioned his entrance into grace.

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The wind rustled through the leaves and branches of the shattered tree, and people felt their hearts stirring in answer to the look upon the two pale faces in the centre of the light. At last Brother Millikin rose tremulously and stretched out his hands, calling the attention of those near by. He bowed his head and his lips moved, but only Wiley could catch the sound of his words.

"Say it aloud to them for me," whispered Brother Millikin to him.

"I—I don't want to," Wiley stammered.

"You must," Brother Millikin said.

Wiley straightened himself and bowed his head, and his voice rolled out into the wind and rain. The great words seemed to resound against the glistening curtain of raindrops and then to spread on into the vast, black night.

"*And now may the blessing of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost be with us all, for evermore.—Amen.*"

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's nest has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed,
Untouched the pillows that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears
Since she went home.

THE COLONEL'S GUEST

The Comedy of Errors at Mugawani

By

W. A. FRASER

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

HARRY DAYTON was a tailor in Old England. In Calcutta he was a gents' outfitter, which was a marked distinction, without much difference. That was in the good old days, when the partners in the leading houses of that sort made princely incomes.

Harry the elder was a good judge of many things besides cloth, and when he awoke to the fact that his two boys, Harry and Jack, had come in for a fair share of the brain which had always been his, he determined to give them a little better "send-off," as he called it, than he had had himself.

The ethics of the prize ring, and a few other kindred subjects which he had devoted many good years of his life to the study of, he found of not much practical use in the fullness of his manhood.

"The boys'll 'ave a better chance than I 'ad," he said, and "'aving the oof," as he always designated Her Majesty's current coin, he proceeded to buy these two boys the best things in the educational line which were to be had in the open market.

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But the whirligig of time has a merry way of proving that sevens are threes, just after one has figured the whole sum of life out satisfactorily, and thus upsetting the calculation; and Harry, junior, and Jack—fine, manly looking fellows they were, too—by the same token, having just failed to hit it off in the few things they went in for, had to come back to the business in which their "old man" had made the jam for his bread.

It was in September that Harry, junior, walked into his father's place of business in Old Court House Street, in Calcutta, to take his place as assistant salesman. It mellowed the old man's heart to see his fine, strapping son, with his pleasant manners, in the old place; in fact, he almost wept tears of gratitude to think that the chip of the old block had developed into a finer piece of furniture than the old block itself.

"I'm going to send you up country, Harry," he said, with the promiscuous letting loose of a few h's; "I'm going to send you up country to look up business, and with the advantages you have had in the way of education, and with the good name the house has got, you ought to come back with a tidy bundle of orders. I want you to go and see Colonel Trendenis at Mugawani.

"Your Uncle Tom was butler in their family. He used to be a good customer, but I am afraid that he has been working the native darzi racket lately, for we haven't written his name in our books for some time; so you ought to sell him a tidy bit of goods. With his recommendation, you ought to get an order from every officer in the regiment. You can work a few of the other places on the way up, and I'll write him a letter asking him to favor you with his patronage. That's the line to play them on; call it patronage, call it patronage, my boy, and then they have to come down, and come down handsome, too, if they do anything at all."

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The next day Harry the younger started on his tour, but the fate which always juggles things about urged him to skip most of the towns on the way, and put it into his head that it would be better in every way for him to get up to Mugawani at an early date and then work back.

Harry the elder would rather cut a suit of clothes—yes, forty suits—than write one letter; so he put off the hour of tribulation from day to day, keeping a mental reckoning of Harry's movements. "He's at Benares now," he would say to himself, and the next day he would figure him out at Allahabad. After a few days he would pass him on to another town—all in his mind. But in the flesh Harry was up at Mugawani, this wise.

When Harry arrived at Mugawani a crazy old gharry took him and his traps to Bynkle's Family Hotel. A good appearance is everything, the old man used to tell Harry, so he spent some time over the good appearance, and then started out to look up Colonel Trendenis. The Colonel was at the mess, and Harry sent in his card when he arrived.

Now, Harry's fastidiousness reached out even to his cards. His father, with his superior commercial development, had loaded him up with a few thousand business cards bearing the prosaic statement that Harry Dayton, Junior, was representing Harry Dayton, Senior, Gents' Outfitter, etc.

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"They're all right for the old man," muttered Harry to himself, as he shoveled them into his box, "but I'm hanged if I'm going to travel around with my pocket full of advertisements like that." So he substituted his own small bits of pasteboard, carrying the plain inscription, "Harry Dayton," and it was because of this that the thing happened just as it did.

"Sahib sends salaams," said the tall bearer who had taken his card in to the Colonel, when he returned to conduct Harry to the Colonel.

At the door of the billiard room the Colonel, cue in hand and hat off, met Harry with a boisterous rush of jovial friendship.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, holding out his hand, his broad red face one mass of genial friendship. "It does my eyes good to see you again. Come in and sit down and have a peg. You don't mind if I finish the game with the Captain here—oh, excuse me, Captain Melton, Harry Dayton, of Calcutta, son of my old friend Harry Dayton, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"He's a warm old party," thought Harry to himself. "I expect he wants to give me a heavy order without paying anything on his bill."

"What sort of a trip did you have out?" asked the Colonel, as he slammed the red down in the middle pocket with a vigorous punch from his cue.

"Oh, very pleasant; you knew, then, that I had just come out?" said Harry, just to get a slight grip on the conversation.

"Gad! I should think so," genially exclaimed the Colonel. "Had your father's letter telling me you were coming, you know."

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"Oh, yes, of course," ejaculated Harry, thinking how very spry and punctual the old man had gotten with his pen to have sent the letter off in that way. "Father told me to look you up."

"Look me up? I should think so! By Jove! Ha, ha! that's rich; look me up! Why, bless me! what else would you do, my boy? We're going to keep you with us for two or three weeks. I think Elma has a room tidied up for you that won't be half bad after being cooped up in the cabin on the ship."

"Who in thunder is Elma, I wonder?" whispered Harry to himself. "I'll bet you the old Colonel's going to ask tick for the whole regiment."

"How was the Governor looking?" asked the Colonel, as he made a mis-cue and opened up a slit of six inches in the billiard cloth. "You are out, are you, Captain? All right, Harry, my boy, I think we'll go home now. Where are your traps? Did you leave them down at the bungalow?"

"No, they're at the hotel," said Harry, quite bewildered by the Colonel's impetuous way of running things.

"By Jove! beastly stupid that. You should have gone straight to the bungalow. Wasn't expecting you yet for a week, or I'd have gone to the train to meet you."

"I'd rather stop at the hotel, Colonel," said Harry, in desperation; but at this the Colonel simply roared with laughter, and slapped his thigh in derision. "Just like your father, Harry; just like your father. Would rather sleep out on a tombstone than put anybody to the trouble of making him up a bed."

Harry remembered that his father had slept out more than one night, but he had always fancied that it was more because the road home was mysterious than owing to any desire not to give trouble.

The end of it was that Harry and his traps were all packed off down to the Colonel's bungalow; Harry in the Colonel's dog-cart, and the traps on the old ticca gharry that had brought him to the mess.

"Gad!" said the Colonel, as they drove along; "I've a notion to make Elma believe you're somebody else. She's never seen you, you know. I might introduce you as a planter down from Tirhoot, only, I suppose you don't know anything about indigo, even though you are going into it," and the Colonel chuckled softly to himself.

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"Oh, oh!" thought Harry, "so I'm going into indigo, am I? Perhaps the Colonel means to adopt me. I don't know what in the world he's driving at, unless it's unlimited time on the orders. The Governor was right, though, about him, for he said he was a queer old duck. If he took a fancy to me I could get anything I wanted."

"I often play Elma practical jokes," explained the Colonel, as he flicked at the big roan's quarters with the long whalebone whip, "and she's always trying to get even," and he chuckled again.

Harry felt flattered. A fair leaven of vanity had been bred in him, and the lift in the social scale which his father had endeavored to give him through educational methods had developed it, until now it was a full-sized loaf of self-appreciation.

When they arrived at the bungalow, the servants treated Harry with a deferential respect that pleased him mightily; and the Colonel's daughter, Elma, came forward to meet him with hearty responsiveness when her father impressively introduced him as the son of his great friend, Harry Dayton.

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"We expect you two to get acquainted pretty fast," he said, winking atrociously at Elma. "By Jove!" he thought to himself, "I wonder if they'll fall in with the idea Harry's father and I have of this thing, or upset the whole arrangement by falling out among themselves, like silly lovers."

"Deuced fine girl," thought Harry, as he observed her straight, jaunty, almost military carriage. "I'll be able to knock out an order for a habit and a couple of tailor-made gowns, for sure. But I guess it'll be unlimited time on the whole lot," he thought despairingly; "after this jolly reception, perhaps the old man'll never get the amount of this bill at all, for I've heard that some of these Colonels run pretty close to their income."

"Elma never saw you before," repeated the Colonel; "but your father always used to put up with me when he happened to be in these parts, so she knew him well."

"Gad!" thought Harry, as he dressed for dinner, "I almost wish I was in this swim. I'm beginning almost to hate to ask the old man for an order, he's so friendly."

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"How was Tom?" asked the Colonel, as he looked up from his mulligatawny and smiled at Harry.

"You mean Uncle Tom?" asked Harry.

"Yes, yes; we all called him 'uncle,' of course. Ha, ha! the butler, I mean."

"Oh, he was well," answered Harry, joining in the laugh, he hardly knew why.

"Funny old dodger, wasn't he?" continued the Colonel. "Drank more of that choice old port than the Governor himself, I always thought, from the look of his nose. I had enough of Tom when I was a youngster at home. When did you arrive in Bombay?" queried the Colonel, as he prodded a prawn in the curry as if he were spearing a pig.

"I didn't come to Bombay; I came to Calcutta," answered Harry.

"Deuced odd! I understood the Governor to say you would come to Bombay, and come straight across here from there."

"No; I had to go to Calcutta first to get some samples, you know," answered Harry.

"Ha! ha! Deuced good! 'Samples.' Deuced good!" and he looked across at Harry and winked. "Samples to take up to Tirhoot, eh?" and he winked again.

Harry figured it out that the old man was getting a little mixed, and let it drop at that.

After dinner the Colonel asked Harry if he would rather have a quiet evening with a little music, or go down to the mess for a game of billiards. Harry elected to stay, thinking that while the Colonel was in a mellow mood he might get a pretty stiffish order out of him; then, when he looked at Elma, he hated the whole business, all but the habit—she'd look wonderfully fine in a well-cut habit, he thought to himself.

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Harry observed that the Colonel had on a shocking mess jacket—shocking as far as fit went; it scooted off the Colonel's fat shoulders behind at an angle of forty-five, very much like the turned-down brim of a slouched hat.

"Must have been made by one of the native darzis," said Harry mentally.

As they were smoking their cheroots out on the veranda Harry thought he'd start the ball rolling and gradually work up to clothes a bit.

"You'll be needing some new dinner jackets this cold season, sir, I think?"

"What?" gasped the Colonel, swallowing a piece off the end of his cheroot, as he turned his fat figure around in the big, long-sleeved chair.

"Pardon me," continued Harry, "but those you have don't seem to fit very well. May I ask who made them? Couldn't have been the Guv'nor."

"The Guv'nor!" gasped the Colonel; "I should say not. Do you suppose when he was here I put him at making mess jackets for me? Gad! no, sir; we never even talked clothes. I entertained him like a Prince. But there, there, that's the way with you young fellows. The first, second and last thing you think of is the set of a man's coat or the cut of his trousers."

"He's an awfully touchy old bounder," thought Harry.

After they had finished their smoke and gone to the drawing-room they had a little music, and Elma played the Afghan March. Harry, in his strong, fresh young voice, sang one or two of the newest things at home; and then, at the Colonel's request, sang him

"'HE SAID HE THOUGHT YOU WERE NEEDING SOME NEW CLOTHES'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Colonel's Guest, is copyrighted, 1898, by W. A. Fraser.

his favorite, The Boys of the Old Brigade. He sang it with so much vim that the Colonel rapidly regained his good humor.

"He's a fine, manly looking chap," thought the Colonel. "Looks just like the old man used to look."

"I must try and do a little business with Miss Elma," mused Harry. "I can't afford to lose all my time here. I'll have to go slow, though, I see, if I expect to stand well with the regiment through the Colonel. Perhaps I'd better get her to speak to him."

"I've been speaking to your father about his mess jackets and I want your help," remarked Harry to Miss Elma a little later. "They're a little off, you know. He ought to go in for some new ones. Of course, if he didn't know father so well, and wasn't so friendly, I shouldn't dare take the liberty. You had better persuade him to let me send his measure down to Calcutta for a dozen good-fitting jackets. Likely all his clothes are just as bad."

Miss Elma regarded him critically for a moment and then burst out laughing. "You're trying to take a rise out of father, I'm afraid," she said; "but he's awfully touchy about his clothes, and you'll get into no end of a fuss with him if you get his dander up."

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"You'll likely need a new habit yourself," added Harry, passing over her remark. "I'll show you the latest thing they're wearing at home"; and he excused himself and darted into his room, returning a moment later with a piece of very dark green ladies' cloth.

"What a useful man you are! That's just the thing I'm after. I shouldn't wonder if you could take my measure and all, you seem to be so well up in these things."

"Yes, I can take it," answered Harry modestly. "I learned how to measure a lady for a habit from the old man. I'll take your measure and send it right off down to Calcutta. That's a start," thought Harry, as he turned in a little later.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, dear?" queried the Colonel, as Elma woke him up from his strong, porpoise-like sleep in the big chair.

"Yes, father. Harry is quite entertaining—knows all about clothes and kindred things, doesn't he?"

"Gad! yes. He wanted me to order a lot of new dinner jackets. Deuced queer fancy, 'pon my word! Deuced queer!"

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The next morning Harry was horrified at the cut of the Colonel's regimentals; but he resolved to wait until evening before he brought the subject up again.

He spoke to Elma about it, and asked her advice about the best way of getting the Colonel to order some new duds.

"I could send his measure to the Guv'nor, you know," he said, "and he would send him on whatever he wanted, and the bill could stand until the Guv'nor came this way himself," and Harry smiled at her reassuringly.

"I hated to put in that clause about the credit," thought Harry, "but I fancy it's about the only way to fetch him, and I think he'll be all right about the oof some day."

"What an odd chap Harry is," said Miss Elma to herself; "he's a little queer on the subject of clothes, I'm beginning to think."

"Fine fellow, that Dayton," said Spilkins to Delmar, down at the "gym" that evening, as the Colonel rode away with his protégé. "He's going to look me up at my quarters to-morrow, to show me some samples of light tweed some tailor fellow in Calcutta gave him. Fancy him putting himself to all that trouble about showing me those samples, and only just acquainted."

Harry had another shy at the Colonel that night. They were out on the veranda for the customary cheroot.

"It's getting pretty cool in the evenings now," remarked the Colonel, puffing away. "Yes, it's quite cold; you'll need an ulster, if you haven't got one, and one could wear a fairly heavy tweed suit now, with the lining out of the back, say. Did the Governor send you any samples when he wrote to you?"

"He's got too much sense!" exclaimed the old gent angrily.

He was getting annoyed over Harry's persistent attention to his wardrobe.

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"I fancy he thought they wouldn't be needed, as I was coming," remarked Harry, by way of easing the conversation down a bit.

"No, they wouldn't," answered the Colonel dryly.

"He's not a bad chap at all," said the Colonel to Elma, a little later; "and if he wouldn't make such a confounded darzi of himself, I could like him first-rate."

Elma, too, found Harry a pleasant enough companion as they took their gallop together in the morning, if it wasn't for that one failing. "He was forever and ever harping on the subject of clothes—clothes good, clothes bad, and darzi, native darzi-made clothes," she assured a lady friend who came to see her one day.

Then Harry Dayton's senior's letter turned up at Mugawani.

"I say, Elma," called out the Colonel to his daughter, "there's a tailor coming up from Calcutta in a few days, and we ought to get him at Harry and let them fight it out between them. By Jove! it looks as though there was a conspiracy on to make me buy some clothes. I'm hanged if I don't put up a job on the two of them. When he shows up I'll tell Harry that he is a man from the cantonments, and that he wants to order some new clothes from Calcutta."

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An hour or two later he met Harry and said to him: "By-the-way, Harry, what do you get for trying to make me get a new lot of togs—a commission? Ha, ha!" and he laughed loud and long.

"No, sir," answered Harry, wondering where the joke came in; "I get a salary, and expect to have an interest in the business."

At this the Colonel laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"You're the driest griffin brought out this year," he sputtered between snorts of laughter. "You'd have made your fortune on the stage. Your Governor made a great mistake. He should by all means have put you behind the wings, instead of into the tailoring," and he laughed again at his little joke, and slapped Harry on the back with a vigor that made his eyes snap.

Harry was bewildered. He had often heard that the sun touched up some of the old-timers and made them a bit eccentric. In fact, he understood that the fifty-five-years'-service rule had been aimed at this sort of thing, but, still, it bothered him.

"By Jove!" he thought, "the Colonel seems to be getting on toward his pension. He seems to have had enough of this land."

"Gad!" muttered Trendenis to himself, "the youngster is as queer as his pater used to be. Funny, too, that it should develop so soon; the old man's fancies ran to boxing and building an underground railway on his place. Used to imagine that he could knock the middle-weight champion out. I wonder if he keeps it up. I'll ask the boy."

Suiting the action to the word, he asked: "Does the Governor still keep up his boxing?"

"Not much now, sir. Says it takes him away from his work too much; besides, his customers didn't like it—thought it was too rowdy."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, wondering who the customers were. "I suppose it really interfered with the underground railway," and his sides shook with suppressed mirth.

"Yes, probably!" blankly answered Harry, wondering if it also hadn't something to do with the discovery of the North Pole. "He's as mad as a March hare," mused Harry, "and I wonder how he manages to command the regiment." Then he remembered having heard of Colonel Magog, who was in charge of a division of the Great Government Railway for many moons, though he was quite off his head about some things. "Strange country this, and I'm right in the middle of the hurly-burly. I'm being entertained by a crazy Colonel, and can't get an order from him, though he's not got a decent coat to his name."

It was next day down at the gymkana that the Colonel undertook to give Harry a few pointers about billiards.

The Colonel's score stood fifty-four to Harry's ninety, which put Trendenis in a grumpy mood.

"Where do the officers of your regiment get their clothes made, generally, sir?" asked Harry, as he chalked his cue, making the chalk squeak on the tip with a peculiar rasping noise.

"Their grandmothers make their clothes and send them out from home," answered the irate Colonel; that was because Harry's question and the rasping of his chalk had made the old gentleman miss a very easy carom, and because his score was fifty-four.

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That evening Harry made a last futile effort to get Colonel Trendenis to get down seriously to the subject of clothing.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I had better be moving on to-morrow. I am rather afraid that I am allowing pleasure to interfere with business. Father was anxious that I should go on from here after seeing you."

"Naturally, naturally," repeated the Colonel; "I like to see that spirit in our young men; but, at the same time, you must give us a few days more of your company. I am glad that your father is putting you into business instead of the service. It's gone to the dogs now. I am sure you will do well in business. Indigo isn't what it was, but still it's better than the service."

That night in his room the Colonel continued the monologue silently: "Fine principle the youngster's got."

"He's certainly a little touched," ran through Harry's mind about the same time. "He thinks that I'm in indigo now."

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The following day, as they were all at tiffin together, there was the grinding of gharry wheels on the rubble road, and soon the bearer brought in a card which he tendered to Colonel Trendenis with a grave and humble salaam.

There was a perceptible rising of the gray bristles about the Colonel's mouth as he turned to Harry and said: "I wish you would go out and speak to this chap. He's from the cantonment, and I told him that you could put him in the way of getting something up to date in the way of clothes. Tell him that I'm not available just now. Don't let him bother me, whatever you do."

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The Colonel lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"Don't spoil sport," he said to Elma, as she began to remonstrate. "You'll see some fine fun between them. It's the tailor's man from Calcutta, and Harry can have it out with him to his heart's content—deuced queer fad that of his, anyway, this clothes business. His father would have gone round in a gunny sack any time—he didn't care a rap how he looked."

"Begins to look a little like business at last," thought Harry, as he made for the veranda; "very kind of the old duck, I'm sure."

The young man was already waiting at the head of the steps.

"Do you wish to see me?" queried Harry.

"I wished to see Colonel Trendenis," answered the young man, who was standing on the steps.

"Well, the Colonel received your card and asked me to make his excuses, as he's engaged just now. He thought that I might do just as well—in fact, better. He said that he thought you were needing some new clothes very badly, and, if that is so, I shall be glad to help you in the matter."

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The stranger's face flushed and he looked at Harry with eyes that were wide open with astonishment.

"I'm very much obliged to Colonel Trendenis, I'm sure, but if I need any clothes, I'm quite able to pay——"

"Ah! certainly—of course!" interrupted Harry; "but you needn't worry about the pay; I'll manage all that to your entire satisfaction," and he smiled cheerfully upon the other, whose face was as the face of a red mask now.

"Did Colonel Trendenis say that he was too busy to see me?" said the stranger, mastering his passion with a mighty effort, and speaking with a slow, deliberate drawl.

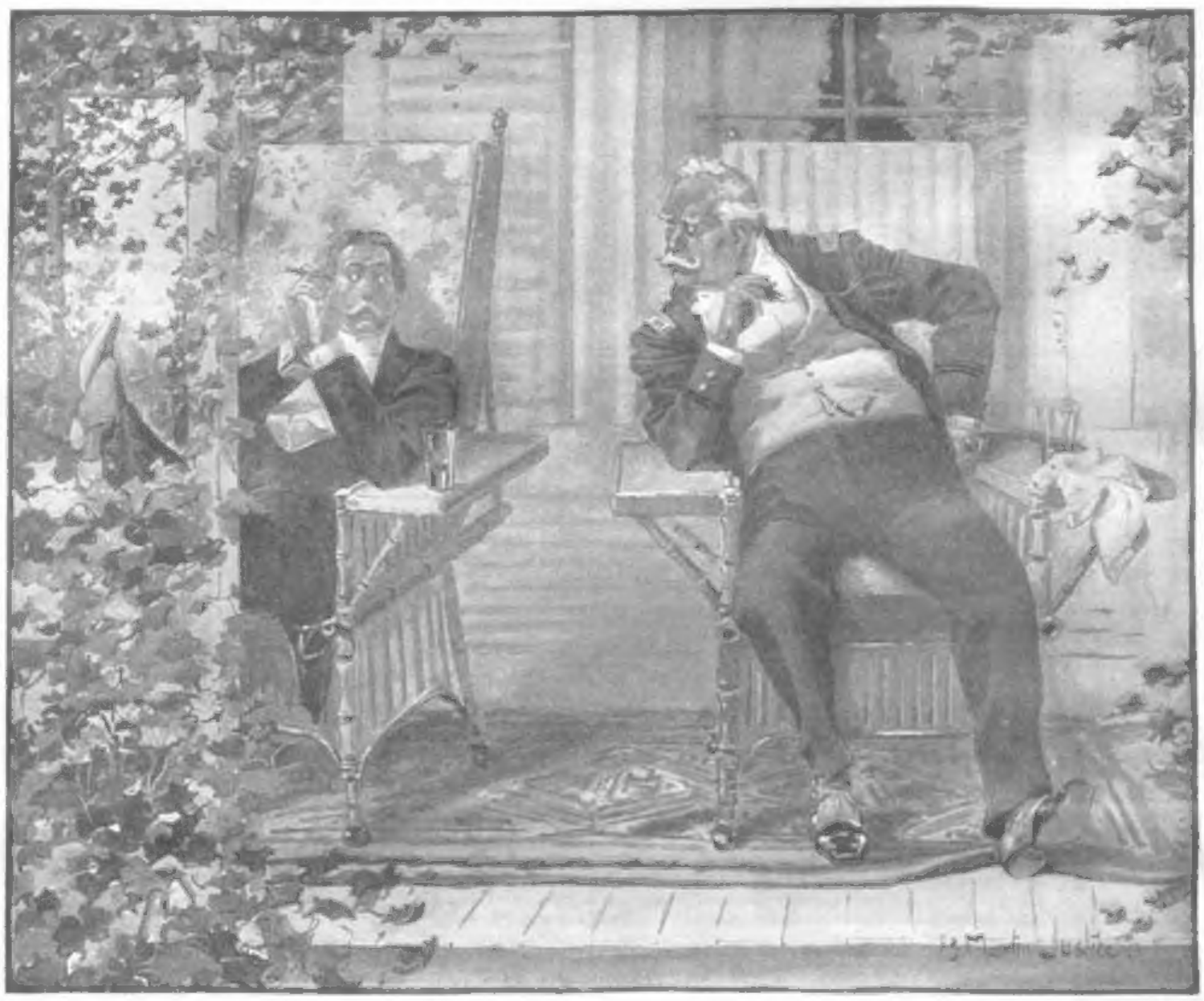
"Yes," answered Harry; "he said that if I would see about your duds, that that was about all you needed, he thought."

"May I ask if Miss Trendenis is here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered Harry. "She was with her father when your card came in, but if you'd care to see her I can tell her that you're here."

"Oh, no!" hastily interrupted the other. "Thank you, no! I fancy I've given trouble enough this morning," and there was just a touch of finely drawn scorn in his voice, like the faint vibrating of a minor chord on a gently touched violin. It was too finely drawn for Harry's prosaic soul, so he answered with breezy good nature, "No trouble at all, I assure you. Should be delighted to fix you up with some new togs."

"Togs be hanged!" rather rudely remarked the other, as he clambered into the ramshackle old gharry.



"'THE GUV'NOR!' GASPED THE COLONEL. 'I SHOULD SAY NOT!'"

Nothing daunted, Harry held up his hand to the gharry wallah to stop, and rushed down to the gharry.

"Where are you stopping?" he inquired.

"Over in the cantonment," answered the other evasively.

"If I knew just where," said Harry, "I could call and see what you needed in the way of clothes."

But with a sound of smothered profanity within, and sundry wild Hindoo expletives without, the gharry rolled away.

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"Either half the people up here are crazy," mused Harry, "or else some opposition house is putting up a job on me."

"A nice sort of friend of my father's Colonel Trendenis must be," thought Harry number two, as he puffed savagely at a cheroot. "Wonder if he thought the Governor had sent me out here to sponge on him for a new outfit. Wouldn't see me, either, but sent that moon-faced secretary or whatever else he is out to offer to buy me clothes. Seems like a nice sort of country!"

"How did you get on with him, Harry?" asked the Colonel when Harry reappeared.

"Well, he has gone, anyway. As soon as I commenced to talk about clothes to him, and offered to get him a new outfit, he clambered into the gharry, and with the use of much bad language drove off."

And then the Colonel begged Harry, as he valued the life of one of Her Majesty's soldiers, which was always worth $500, at least, laid down in India, to desist, for he was killing him; and it did seem as if apoplexy would be the end of it, for Trendenis was purple with the laughter, which could not get away fast enough.

"Everybody is quite mad," thought Harry, as he sat there very solemn; and he mentally resolved to leave Mugawani at once.

But the mirth was stopped by the appearance of the solemn old bearer with another "ticket."

"Captain Featherstone," read the Colonel as he looked at the card.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Harry to himself, "that's the man the Gov'nor told me to collect that old bill from. It's over a thousand now, and he hasn't paid a rupee for years. I'll nail him when the Colonel gets through with him."

Harry strolled out and Trendenis had his private interview with the visitor.

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Shortly after Featherstone left him, the Colonel heard rather loud voices out on the veranda. He heard the Captain say, "What in thunder has it to do with you?"

"Everything," he heard an answering voice that was Harry's. "Everything. The Governor told me to collect this bill of you, and I spoke to you, just now, civil enough about it."

"What's up, gentlemen?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he appeared in the doorway.

"I just handed the Captain here father's bill," pointing to a bill which lay on the floor torn in two, "and he's kicking up no end of a row about it; wants to know if you've turned your place into a tailor-shop."

"Whose father? What bill? Who's running a tailor-shop?" gasped the Colonel in bewilderment. "Is this a joke?"

"Why, father's bill? 'Harry Dayton, Gents' Outfitter,'" and he produced one of the firm's big cards from his pocket.

"And who are you, then?" asked Trendenis in a hoarse whisper. "Are you the son of this man—this tailor? Aren't you the son of my old friend, Harry Dayton, in Maidenscote, England? He wrote me that my son was coming out. Aren't you he?"

Light began to dawn on all of them, for they could all plainly see that there was some terrible mix-up.

"No, sir; I'm not," said Harry. "Father lives in Calcutta, and wrote to you that I was coming up to solicit orders."

"Where in thunder is the other man, then—the son of my friend? For I got his letter right enough. I've got it!" he exclaimed. "It was the other Harry who arrived this morning, and this is his card," and he fished the pasteboard from his vest-pocket.

That was the way it was—the combination was simple enough. Calcutta Harry had arrived in conjunction with the English Harry's letter, and the Harry from England had arrived to fit in with the tailor's letter from Calcutta. But the wearing of coarse cloth and rubbing of the ashes of humiliation were the fruits of the aftermath; and the squaring of the fellows at the mess and the gym, and the hunting up of the right Harry.

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"It was terrible," the Colonel said, inventing divers expressive adjectives to embellish the opinion he held of himself. One phrase that he repeated often was, "Not an order shall he get in the regiment—never—and not one in all Mugawani!"

gone round bothering with sanitation and such things you would have kept your health, and you wouldn't have ruined my practice. What this community needs is not reform, but quinine; they want to be sick so as to get dosed, and you are interfering with their legitimate pleasures by trying to make Salem too healthy."

"That's something they'll never accuse you of, Doctor," replied Cheston.

But it was evident that he was not up to his general average. There were fits of abstraction in which the Doctor scored his points so easily that he finally arose in disgust and told his rival to take six grains of quinine on going to bed and two grains every two hours the next day until he had taken ten. Mr. Cheston shortly afterward closed the office and walked slowly home.

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It was curious how the details he had never dwelt upon before came before his mind. She had long eyelashes and a perfect nose. Her mouth was small and almost a cupid's bow. Her complexion, thanks to fresh air and regular hours, was a match to the tea-roses, and there was a fullness and freshness of health in her solid, sunny face that seemed as natural as a crop of full-blown sweet peas.

It had never struck him as being extraordinary, any more than the blossoms on the vines, but when he began to think about the other girls of the town, she seemed like a hardy annual in a garden of pale exotics, which was a perfectly foolish comparison, for there were many other girls in Salem who were ruddy-cheeked and weather-proof.

Then it came upon him that he always liked to see her with her hat in hand, for her hair was soft and flowing and picturesquely irregular, like the Wandering Jew in the hanging basket on the porch, only, of course, it wasn't green, but was of that indefinable hue which the sun sometimes leaves in the clouds after it has passed the horizon. And he remembered, too, that she was erect and graceful in form, and that she reminded him of heroines he had read about in history, and he began to compound them and evolve a perfect composite. But after all, it was her eyes—her clear blue eyes, as perfect as an October sky, and as changeful as bubbling springs that looked most brightly upon him in his solitude.

Then all of these things came over him in a wonderful wave, and inflating his lungs to their utmost, he gave a sigh, and a sigh of this kind from three hundred and fifty pounds of love and emotion made the floor creak, for he had reached his home and was walking up and down, seeing and thinking as he had never done before in all his life.

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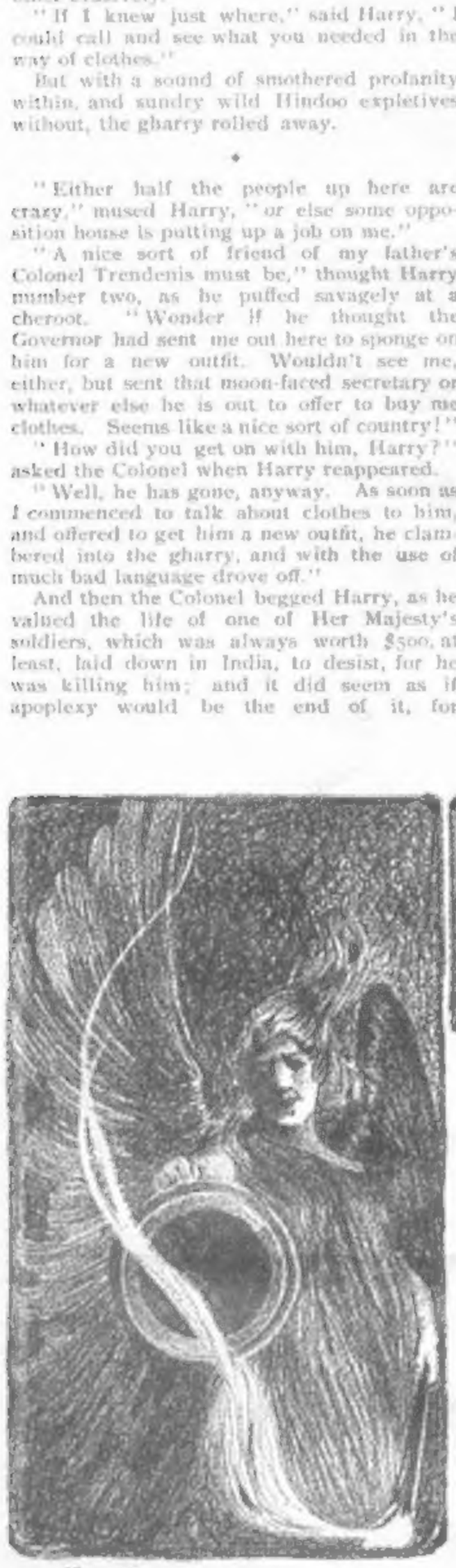
Doctor Flook had been a surgeon in the war with Mexico. "In one of our battles," he was fond of relating, "a most extraordinary thing happened. The fire was terrific; the bullets were whistling all around us, and at brief intervals pieces of shell hissed through the air in uncomfortable nearness. In the midst of all this we looked up in a tree, and there, sitting as calmly as if we were a thousand miles away and war was never known, was a mother-bird attending to her duty of bringing forth another feathered generation. It was perfect peace in the midst of strife."

The Doctor sometimes went further and likened this to the town of Salem, "a quiet, retired sort of a place, sir, that is a part of the world, but which attends to its work in its own calm way, and cares little for the strivings and the continual excitement of this runaway age."

But there came a time when even Salem was stirred from its business centre to its suburban circumference, for the war between the States had begun, and the men who expected to put it down as they would a little



THE STOUT MAN OF SALEM

WHEN CAPTAIN CHESTON WENT TO WAR IN A BUGGY

By Lynn Roby Meekins

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRED. LOWENHEIM

WHEN Oliver Cromwell was bestowed with plenteous water upon the Cheston baby great things were expected. The greatness came—as you shall see.

After a few normal years Oliver began to take on more flesh. His parents were the richest people in the county and he was the only child. They hastened to do everything possible to check the calamity. But the less Oliver ate, the more he grew. The air and the water and all the elements conspired to make him fat. It was not obesity, or any other of the big words, but a simple and appalling surplus. He actually seemed to bulge out of every buttonhole, and one good dame declared that she honestly believed he had his pockets full of himself.

Of course, Salem laughed, but there came a time when the people got used to him, and when his fine mind developed its excellence in the public school and carried off the honors at the academy; and when, after the death of his parents, he succeeded to the wealth and became the leading person of the village, there was, in his presence, at least, a general and respectful avoidance of weights and measures.

Through it all Mr. Cheston was stately and calm. He pursued the tenor of his way with a deportment that was perfect, with an affability that never languished. But he could not steel himself against accidents, especially those accidents that befall human nature without respect to size, age or position.

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It seems incongruous to say that he fell in love. As a matter of fact, the precipitation was neither instantaneous nor sensational. It was not the boulder rolling from the precipice; rather was it the glacier that had been gradually moving for years, but insensible of its own motion, until it reached the breaking-off place. The warming influence which had slowly melted and moved the heart of Mr. Cheston was as gentle as it was unconscious. The glacier does not realize that it is the small stream flowing beneath its imperturbable calm that carries it forward. Mr. Cheston was similarly uninformed.

On his way to his office every morning he passed a certain yard. He was always punctual—more punctual than any one else in the town except Mr. James Cartwell, who breakfasted at seven as regularly as the clock struck. When Mr. Cartwell started to his store at half-past seven, his daughter Mary accompanied him to the gate, and after bidding him good-by, turned to her flowers, which made the Cartwell front yard the most fragrant and the most beautiful of all the well-kept front yards of the neighborhood.

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At five minutes to eight Mr. Cheston came along, and invariably stopped to say good-morning and to discuss the growth of particular plants in which he had an intelligent interest. He was generally rewarded with a decoration for his buttonhole. He soon came to expect this, and for some reason which he could not quite understand he resented in his mind the presence of a third party at these morning meetings. But often the third party was there—young Stephen Moswell, slender, dapper and bright, a recent graduate from the military school, who seemed fonder of the front yard and the flowers than Mr. Cheston himself, and who often lingered after Mr. Cheston had passed on to his office.

One morning Miss Mary was missing from the yard, and the day did not seem to pass as smoothly as usual to Mr. Cheston. The next and the next went by. He was a practical man, giving his time and thought to practical matters, but after the fourth day he spent an hour in honest introspection, and it was then he discovered that a little current of something had been all the time flowing beneath his unknowing heart. He also found that Miss Cartwell had gone away on a visit, and he felt, much to the distress of his normal reasoning powers, that it was not right for her to go and leave him alone in his unsatisfied longings for five-minute chats with one on whom he had never called socially.

He had never cared for society in the sense of formal visiting. He always felt uncomfortable in a crowded parlor. So it happened that almost every evening he was to be found at his office with Doctor Flook, a dry, thin man with a sharp face and a positive tongue, the usual medical autocrat who rules small towns, and declares that each generation he brings into the world is much worse than its predecessor had ever dared to be.

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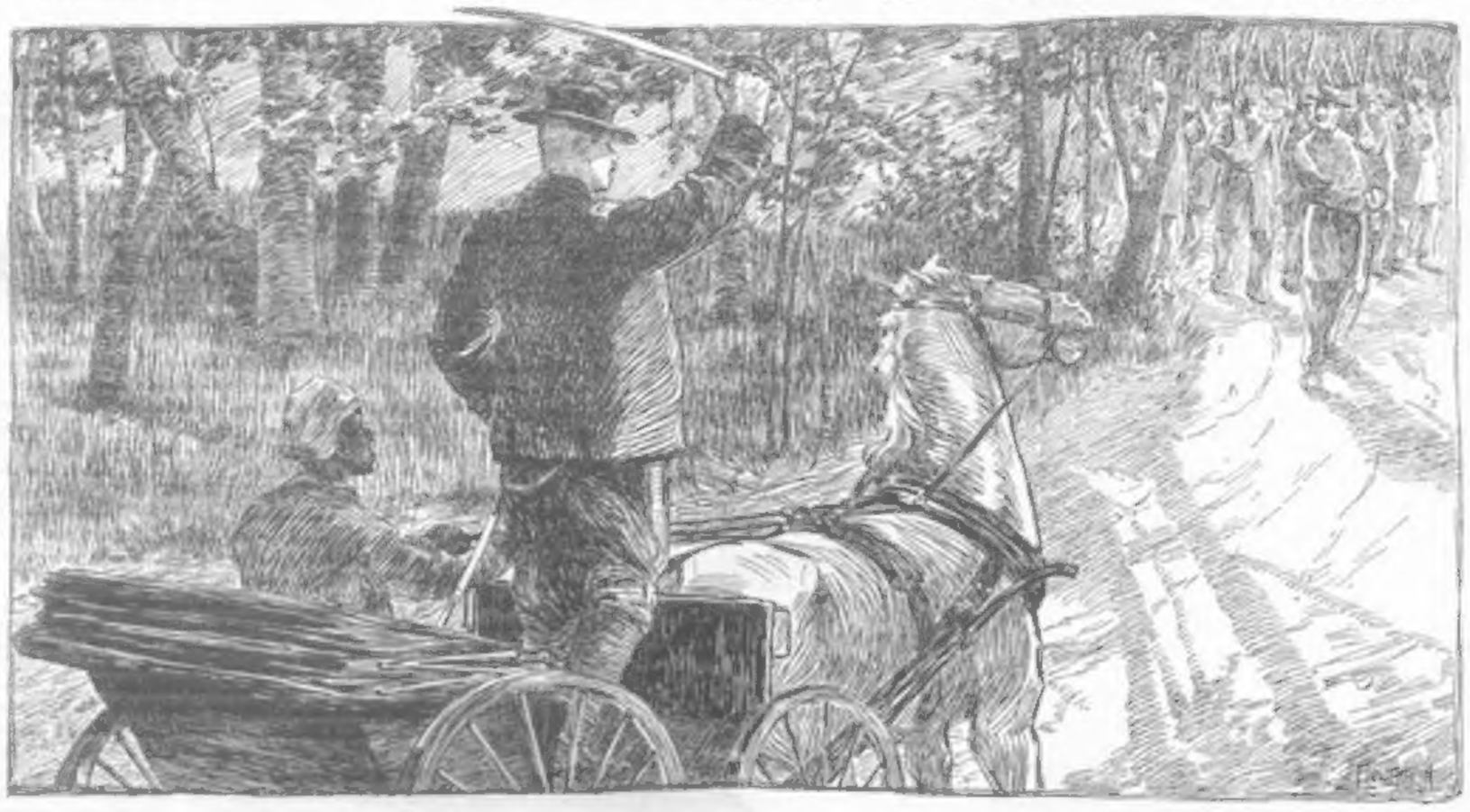
On the fifth evening after Miss Cartwell's departure, Mr. Cheston was late in reaching the office, and the Doctor opened upon him rather savagely:

"Look here, Cheston," he said, "you haven't been up to the mark lately. You're absent minded. I believe you've got the malaria. That is the fortune of benefactors. They suffer for doing good. If you hadn't

"STANDING UPRIGHT IN THE BUGGY, HE CALLED 'SURRENDER!'"



riot were appalled at the future, and were frequently calling for more troops and more money and more guns.

Salem could no longer hide in its little nest, and every home was filled with apprehension. Habit was still dominant, and all looked to Mr. Oliver Cromwell Cheston for the initiative. A meeting was called and the men responded, and with them came the women, all trying to keep up a brave front, but with tears underneath every nervous laugh they gave.

The tension was strong when Doctor Flook, in a business-like manner, arose and asked Mr. Cheston to take the chair, and it increased as the proceedings went on and the call was made for volunteers. The first to answer was Mr. Cheston. Doctor Flook was next, and then the others followed until forty-two had responded. There was a pause. Then Doctor Flook, more nervous than the people had ever seen him, arose and said:

"I move that Mr. Cheston be elected honorary Captain of this company."

Diplomatic Doctor Flook! Always equal to an occasion, he was worth his weight in gold now! The vote was put by the Doctor and carried unanimously.

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"I thank you for this honor," said Mr. Cheston gravely, "but we are not here for mere honors. I expect to go with you into the field, and if I am to have any position at all it must be an active one. I know that I have physical exaggerations which unfit me for command, but I shall take my place in the ranks."

"Oh, no, you won't," interrupted the Doctor. "I move Mr. Cheston be elected for our Captain."

It was carried at once by unanimous vote.

"My friends, I thank you doubly for this, and I promise you I will do the best I can. Now let us proceed to business."

They wanted Doctor Flook to be the First Lieutenant, but he was true to his profession and would take no position except that of surgeon. He nominated his young friend, Stephen Moswell, for Lieutenant, and within an hour the organization was complete.

Thenceforth Salem knew no quiet. The days were taken up with martial preparations, the nights with weeping, and before the new company had caught step it was ordered to the front. Never shall we forget the sight as these heroes marched away to the beating of drums and the breaking of hearts—Captain Cheston, calm and majestic, plowing the sands and growing to double proportions when contrasted with the dapper Lieutenant Moswell. With all the swing and dignity they could muster, were the men, and bringing up the rear was Captain Cheston's negro, Jim, sitting proudly in the buggy drawn by Mr. Cheston's big gray horse.

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The tearful mothers and sisters and sweethearts and boys and girls followed the procession for more than two miles, and then tramped sadly back to the homes which were to know that the desolation of war is not altogether in the march of armies. And yet, as they walked and cried, there came before them the vivid memory of a figure imposing in its pride and resplendent in its importance—not the big Captain, nor the slim Lieutenant, nor any of the soldier boys, but Jim—black Jim—sitting in that buggy as if driving to glory.

This buggy was a peculiar vehicle, unusually low and built with extraordinary care. It was the talk of the town that it was stronger than a stone wagon or a timber cart, and that nothing could break it down. Of course, the various thicknesses and reinforcements made it heavy, but the big gray horse which drew it, and which had drawn Mr. Cheston in it for years, was a magnificent animal, more than equal to the task.

The day was warm and the roads were bad. But for three hours the big Captain led his men. Then they came to a halt for dinner. Captain Cheston and Doctor Flook stood under the shade and talked.

"Surgeon," said the Captain, "you will probably recall that in one of his campaigns—I think it was over the Alps—Napoleon rode at the head of his troops in a State carriage."

"I do not recall it," replied the Doctor, "but I suppose you are right."

"I remember it distinctly," and then with a nervous laugh, as if not exactly proud of what he was going to say, he added, "I'm not a Napoleon, exactly, but I find that, unless I follow his precedent, you'll have to have another Captain."

"That's all right. The wonder is that you've walked this far."

"But the men, Surgeon! How do you think they'll take it?" he asked.

"Leave that to me," said the Doctor, as he moved away, and soon the soldiers were asking their Captain to occupy his buggy.

If it had not been for that buggy Captain Cheston would never have reached the front, and this story would not have been told, for he could not carry himself, and no horse's back was strong enough for his weight, granting, of course, that he were able to do the impossible by sitting astride.

Coming from a town on the border between the fighting sections, the new troops were not long in reaching trouble. It occurred in the afternoon of the next day. They were plodding along a road of many turns and angles and thickly lined with trees. They were very sore, and very blind to the glories of war, and longing for the comforts of their town. Captain Cheston was sitting in the buggy, and Jim was half asleep in the sunshine, and the reins were loose in his hands. Following was the company.

Suddenly there was a noise ahead, and as the buggy turned the bend of the road, Captain Cheston saw the enemy marching toward him. His men had yet to see them, and the enemy did not seem to have the faintest idea that the figure they beheld was in command of a troop of soldiers.

"'AFFECTION,' SAID THE SICK MAN WITH A SIGH"

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But the doubt did not last. Standing upright in the buggy, Captain Cheston called in his loudest tones, and with the most wonderful self-command:

"Surrender!"

Verily it was enough to command any obedience, but the men in front were not the kind that took orders from the enemy. They did not surrender. They did not even blanch with fear. They laughed. And they were still smiling when they got ready for the conflict.

It was all so quick that nobody to this day can tell exactly how it occurred. Captain Cheston got out of the buggy with as much dignity as he could and gave the orders. There was a roar from both sides, and when the smoke cleared away the Captain was seen to be holding himself up with difficulty. His lips were tightly compressed, and before he could give another order a second volley came from the front and the Captain fell.

Then the men, led by Lieutenant Moswell, rushed forward around and beyond the prostrate body, and the enemy, evidently under the belief that there were companies in the rear, for they could only see to the corner of the road, broke and ran.

Several of the men wanted to remain with the prostrate Captain, but he waved them on, and when they hesitated he spoke sharply and ordered them to join their company. Doctor Flook had reached the side of his friend and was seeking the wounds. He worked quickly and skilfully and stopped the flow of blood, and then told the Captain that the very best thing to be done was for him to return to Salem. There was no hospital near, nothing but woods and war, and unless he got under cover soon and had good attention the result would be fatal.

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Captain Cheston had not lost consciousness, and although he objected to going back, he saw the wisdom of it, and the result was that the Doctor and Jim fixed him as comfortably as possible in the vehicle, and the drive to Salem was begun. Never did man strive more to avoid the ruts and rough places than did the steady, faithful Jim. The Captain was suffering intensely, but he stood the pain like a martyr, and Jim kept up a running stream of talk that ebbed only when the Captain closed his eyes for an occasional moment of sleep. And once in his sleep he mentioned the name Mary, which Jim did not understand in the least.

Some intuition told the Salem population, which was now mainly women and children, that news from the front was coming, and so people were watching. Mothers lay awake straining their ears in the hope and the fear of catching the sound during the night. Sweethearts arose and sat at windows, and every whisp of the wind was magnified a hundredfold. So when Jim and his charge reached within a mile of the village, the bark of a friendly dog on the roadside started the commotion. The anxious ears were sure they heard the coming of a heavy vehicle, and in some unknown way the intelligence spread from house to house until the road was suddenly filled with folks who did not exactly understand why they were there.

But amid the doubt the old gray—the old familiar servant of the Captain—hove in sight, and then Jim was seen, and then—the Captain himself. Not a word was said, but silently, tearfully, the simple people formed lines on each side of the buggy and escorted it through the street. Captain Cheston had sunk back from the weariness of the all-night journey, and had slept longer than at any other time, and when he opened his eyes and saw his townspeople and the town itself, he tried to smile and speak, but at that very moment a thrill of pain turned his countenance from joy to terrible suffering.

It was a great problem what to do with him, but a few practical women ran ahead, and by the time the house was reached they had turned the parlor into a bedroom, for it was evident that they could never carry the Captain upstairs. It was with great difficulty that they got him in bed, but when he finally reached the smooth, comfortable resting-place he went as peacefully to sleep as a babe.

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Then there was a meeting at the church, and the outlining of a course of action. The men were away and the women would have to nurse the Captain, and they decided to do this by relays, each of those serving taking turns, one after the other.

Naturally, through all the excitement and uncertainty, Black Jim rose steadily in public importance, and a hole in the high hat he wore elicited the open-mouthed reverence of his race. But Jim subordinated his own heroism and gave his unstinted eulogy to his master.

"Captain Ol'ver was 'bleeged to be hit," said Jim, calling Mr. Cheston by his first name, and in a conclusive manner. "He was 'bleeged to be hit. Blind men could er hit him. He stood right before 'm 'en never budge er inch, 'en when de bullets come erlong he took 'em. I guess de reason no more was killed was 'cause he stopped 'em. I know he was a sight heavier when we had to lift him up. He was just weighed down wid lead. Eben de old gray felt de big difference."

"He was mighty brave," put in a darkey.

"He was de bravest man that ever lived," said Jim in a manner that left no room for dispute, even if any one had been inclined to doubt or question his statement. "It ain't nothin' fer one ob de slim young men like Lootenant Moswell—'though I ain't sayin' nothin' agin him—to stand up 'en fight, 'cause dey kin slip 'tween de bullets. But Mars Ol'ver jest' bleeged ter stop 'em' 'cause dare ain't no room fer 'em ter git by, 'en he stood right up 'en took 'em all till natcherally he fell down."

"But, Jim, how do he live wid all dem holes in him?" asked a doubtful darkey.

"Doctor Flook was dare and plugged 'em up," was the prompt reply of Jim.

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Mary Cartwell had returned to the village just after the company had left, and she became one of the nurses of the stricken Captain. She always kept fresh flowers by the bedside. One sunshiny day, when the blooms seemed to go well with thoughts of love, the Captain said he was sorry she was not in town when the company marched away to war.

She explained that she tried to return in time, but could not do so. "Mr. Cheston, the sorrows of war are not alone with the men. Women have their share of its terrors. We have the suffering without the excitement of knowing how things really are."

"It is very true," said the Captain.

"Even now I do not know where he is or what he is doing. I only know that in my heart is a constant prayer, and that I am proud of his bravery."

"To whom do you refer?" asked Captain Cheston uneasily.

"To Lieutenant Moswell. He took command after you fell, you know, and by his coolness and fearlessness saved the day for the company, and he is to be made Captain as a reward for his bravery. Oh, if God will only keep him safe from harm!"

"You and Lieutenant Moswell are——" He could not bear to finish the sentence.

"Engaged to be married," she replied, "and you know now what agony I suffer daily, waiting and hoping and yet fearing to hear lest the news should be bad."

The sick man sank back on the pillow and his eyes closed.

Well could Mary Cartwell fear to hear the news, for the very next day it came, and it told of a heroic advance and of a mangled hero. Against all the wishes of friends and relatives, she determined to go to him, and she did; and in that rude hospital she became an angel of mercy, and soldiers who recovered wrote verses about her, and soldiers who died went to another world with her name upon their lips.

With Doctor Flook off at the front, the medical resources of Salem were meagre, and the proper precautions against blood poisoning which might have saved Captain Cheston's life were not taken. He felt that he was going to die, and one morning he abruptly asked the poor little man who posed as a doctor while Doctor Flook was away if he knew how to write a will. He did not, but he would try—at least, he would write whatever Mr. Cheston dictated.

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Very laboriously the little man took down the words. There were many remembrances. His aunts were provided for; Jim came in for a modest amount; Doctor Flook was mentioned with touching affection; a good sum was left for the town, and the church was not forgotten.

"And all the rest and residue of my estate," he went on more slowly than before, for which the little man was grateful, for his fingers were getting cramped, "real, personal or mixed, of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I shall be entitled at the time of my decease, I give, devise and bequeath, to be equally divided between Miss Mary Cartwell and Stephen Moswell. I do this as a proof of my admiration for the said Moswell, who has been permanently disabled in the service of his country, and as an expression of gratitude and—love." He said this so gently that the amanuensis looked up and said:

"I did not catch the last word."

"Affection," said the sick man, with a sigh, "for Miss Cartwell, who has been so kind to me in my illness."

Others had been just as kind, but they did not count.

"And my only request is, that once a year she shall place on my grave a few flowers."

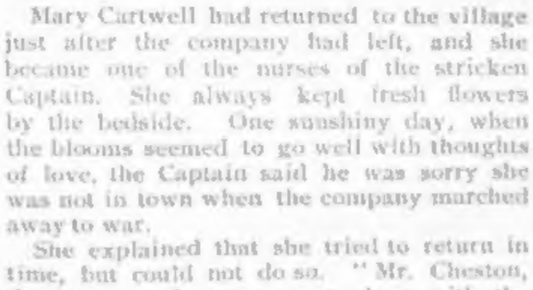
"Is that all, sir?" asked the little man as he choked down something.

"That is all. Call some one in and let it be signed."

In a few minutes this was done, and the Captain thanked them.

"I think I will go to sleep now," he said gently.

He went to sleep. And the only provision of the will that has not been obeyed to the letter is the sentence about once a year. Flowers are there all the time.



Behind the Breastworks of Jake's Horse

"THE fellows in the old Union Army who had the most fun with horses," said an old cavalryman, in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "were those in regiments of mounted infantry. When they were first mounted they were expected to ride only to a place and do their fighting on foot.

"In distributing horses, a little, short-legged German secured the largest horse in the drove. He selected a horse for its size, thinking very little of his own convenience in the matter, and it was amusing to see Jake flattering about his horse. One morning the boys were ordered to bring their horses out and get ready for a march. Jake was troubled when all were ordered to dismount for instructions. He was more troubled over the order 'Prepare to mount.'

"Now, if Jake had stood on a chair he could not have reached the stirrup with his foot. He was equal to the emergency, however, and, running back a few steps, picked up a board, placed one end on the ground and the other on the horse, and crawled up.

"This performance was greeted with a roar of cheers and laughs. But Jake was in his seat as soon as many others who had skittish horses. 'What do you mean, sir,' questioned the officer, 'by that kind of performance?' 'Vell, you say "Prepare to mount," und I makes mine preparations. I can no step upstairs on mine horse mit one step.'

"When there was a skirmish, two men assisted Jake to mount, and he was generally away with the rest, but on one occasion he dropped his gun, as the astonishing gallop of the old horse demanded his full attention, and the men, seeing the little fellow go off with a rumble, thought he had been shot.

"Jake was given up for lost. But a short time afterward up came the big horse at a furious gallop, Jake hanging on to his neck. The men cheered and laughed, stopped the horse, and assisted Jake into the saddle. Once in his seat, Jake said:

"'Ven dere vas no time to make mine preparations to mount it was unconvenient a little, but mine big horse vas a goer, and that vas mighty convenient for me when I vas been chased by the Johnnies. So ochskuse me if I not trade mine big horse.'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Stout Man of Salem, is taken from Some of Our People, a collection of short stories by Lynn Roby Meekins. Published by Williams & Wilkins, Baltimore.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728
Philadelphia, October 8, 1898

* * *

The Danger of Sham Admiration

ONE of the great dangers that threatens the individual is "sham admiration." It is so easy to kneel as one in a crowd at the shrine of the idol of the hour, joining in the praise, swelling the chorus, with not the slightest germ of appreciation, the smallest microbe of real understanding of what it is all about. Perhaps it is Wagner or Paderewski in music, realism or impressionism in art, a victorious Admiral or General—whatever or whoever may be the god of the day—the duty of the individual is to be true to himself, to keep his expression in harmony with his feelings, and to let no lip-service make him Pharisaic and false to truth.

To truly appreciate a grand work requires to a degree the possession of the same power as that which created it. He who enters deeply into the spirit of some great poem loses himself in the characters, flies with the poet in his highest flights of ecstasy, and sinks with him into the abyss of blank despair. So near is the reader to the heart of the author that every pulsation brings its answering throb to the reader.

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Then, when read in this spirit, the silences of the poem have a revelation, the simplest words have their message of fullness and joy. He who can thus interpret is a poet, too, as well as he who writes. Nature may not have given him a poet's full power, but he has a poet's soul. His mind has the capacity to conceive and to appreciate, but not as yet, perhaps, to put into words.

To fully recognize the beauties of the Venus de Medici requires not only an artist's eye, but an artist's soul. That block of marble then becomes the embodiment of a conception, the permanency of a noble idea translated from the mind of another, and is not, as to many it seems, merely a simple piece of cut stone.

Whatever affords us true pleasure in art, in music or in literature is that which answers to some chord of feeling in our soul. It has called to life some thought, hope, trust or passion, dormant for years within us, which we but dimly recognized in ourselves; but now that its fellow, its counterpart, is revealed to us, our thoughts stand plainly before us, like some noble figure bathed in the sudden fullness of the noonday sun.

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As the appreciation of grand conceptions requires a high mental state, many not thus highly developed imitate the outward expressions and phrases of those who are. Those who will not afford diamonds put on imitations which deceive only the wearer.

Many who have not read enough of Milton to make an ordinary telegraph message, rave learnedly about his wonderful imagination with standard critical phrases and formulas stolen from text-books.

Dante has hosts of admirers and worshipers in society who have never ventured to read more than the lines under Doré's illustrations.

The young man who vaguely imagines that Darwin's work is but a chase down a genealogical tree for a monkey may talk learnedly of "evolution" as if that were Darwin's theory and discovery.

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There are men who know absolutely nothing about art who rave over the "impressionist" beauty of a fog that looks like the explosion of a steam-boiler and of rain that resembles nothing but forty straight lines slanting toward the southwest. It may be true art, but the young man in question doesn't know it.

Shakespeare has been abused and caricatured by his sham eulogists, who talk in large, liberal terms of his dramatic powers merely because they have been foolishly led into joining a dramatic society, the benefits of which they could not appreciate.

A truce to this sham admiration! The varying development of the human mind makes it no disgrace, no confession of weakness for any one not to understand or to appreciate a great author. The crime lies rather in affecting an admiration for the incomprehensible. The individual must be made to see that this sham admiration weakens his honesty with himself.

* * *

The Pilgrim from the Rhine

"Their Majesties will go to Jericho on the afternoon of October the thirty-first."—The Court Circular.

THE courage of Kings did not die with Richard the Lion-hearted. From the banks of the Rhine there comes a new crusading Monarch, and he, too, is brave—brave to the edge of recklessness.

Not with the red cross, blazoned on the white field of his banner, does he advance on the Holy Land, but with the mystic mark of the ticket-collector on the pasteboard in his hatband; not with a trusty blade in his good right hand, but with a not less reliable Bædecker; not sitting proudly on a prancing charger, but snugly ensconced in the padded corner of a palace car; not as the defender of the Holy Sepulchre against the hosts of Paynimrie, but as the champion of the great Personally Conducted. For William of Germany, as the cockney phrase has it, is "going a-Cooking it." His light, which heretofore has not been hidden under a bushel, will blaze from the summit of the Mount of Olives.

Now let those that sneer at English and American pilgrims who "do" the Holy Land by coupon hide their diminished heads. For William of Germany has stamped the Personally Conducted with the seal of his Royal approval.

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In England, where William is sometimes taken seriously, columns of leaded leaders are being devoted to speculation on what this visit may portend. Their authors see in imagination a long file of stolid-faced Germans, plodding along in the wake of their Emperor, eager to supplant the grape with the hop-vine, and the fig with the more compact and substantial bologna. And—as usual—they are alarmed for India.

But Americans, who have never grudged a laugh for the performances of the Lightning Change Artist of Europe, will be more inclined to smiles than forebodings when they learn that the Sultan, in honor of his Royal guest, is having the streets of Jerusalem whitewashed, its decaying houses repaired and rebuilt, and a carriage road graded to the summit of the Mount of Olives. This, of course, is only a proper return for the support and comfort which William gave him when the rest of Europe was nagging him to slaughter a little more slowly in Armenia.

But, knowing as we do from the history of the past that there is no safe side to the Sultan's little jokes, our amusement will be changed to concern when we read this significant sentence in the itinerary which he has laid out for the Emperor: "Their Majesties will go to Jericho on the afternoon of October the thirty-first." Shades of Pickwick! Chops and tomato sauce! but the Emperor would better beware that October thirty-first. One may be too brave.

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Trained Diplomats for America

A PEACE Commission is about to sit in Paris to decide the fate of millions of Asiatics, and, perhaps, to change the trend of the mission of America. Two other commissions have entered upon their duties in the West Indies with hardly less important issues trembling in the balance. Surely, not since more than a century ago, when Franklin and his colleagues formally terminated the Revolutionary War and gave definite being to the United States of America, have our diplomatic negotiations involved questions so momentous to ourselves and to others. The functions of our several commissions will, therefore, exhibit the highest qualities of talent that diplomatists are ever called upon to demonstrate.

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The French humorist, Aboret, has defined diplomacy as the art of tying one's cravat, and the first Napoleon declared that a good diplomatist was a man who lied well. Both of these sayings are extremes, but somewhere in the vast field between them lies the profession of diplomacy. Formerly it included, especially in Europe, a consummate mastery of trifles, as well as a profound knowledge of the arts of dissimulation.

There is a picture of Von Moltke, when he was training himself for diplomatic service in Russia, laboriously loosening his military knees in a determined effort to learn the Russian mazourka, and our own John Adams has left us a record of the elaborate thought he expended upon the breeches and dress sword he decided to wear when he went to Court in London.

Indeed, the records of history are quite thick with the names of diplomatists who were also great liars, the most shining example of them all probably being the illustrious Talleyrand, who was a very prince of prevaricators. At the present day, cravats are less important than they used to be, and international lying has ceased to be the fashion. All the diplomatic victories that our country has ever won have been achieved by honest, upright men practicing straightforward methods.

From the traditions of simple honesty there is no danger of our departing at this late day; but can we hope to play successfully the great game of diplomacy upon which we are now entering unless we employ players who have been trained to all the moves? Or shall we go on, as we have done in the past, and call out, when the emergency is upon us, the militia diplomatists who sometimes accomplish such strangely good results with such strangely bad training for the purpose?

There has never been in history a military commander who desired ignorant officers under him, and there has never been a head of Government who voluntarily chose as his agents of negotiation with other Governments men who, until he drafted them into service, had no experience and hardly knew the difference between a preliminary protocol and a ratified treaty.

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Nevertheless, there are difficulties in the way of having a high order of trained diplomats in America which do not exist in the great countries of Europe. There, the service of the State is generally looked upon as the most desirable career upon which a young man can enter, and it carries with it a prestige which those who are in business or professional life do not enjoy.

Yet, with us, executive office, in those branches where the training for a diplomatic career would necessarily have to take place, does not at present offer allurements to the better class of young men.

A collegian of parts and ambition strikes for a profession or for a business career where the prizes are wealth and power in the community in which he has cast his lot. The dim and uncertain prospects of important diplomatic office, after years of unimportant subordinate service, are not apt to inspire him with a desire for the cravat-tying duties of an attaché of a Legation or the drudgery of a clerk's position in the State Department.

This must, from the very nature of the case, be true so long as high diplomatic preferment is the consummation of a life spent in totally different pursuits. If we are to have a training-school with men worth training in it, our whole system of selection, especially at the top, must undergo a radical change.

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The first and most important step in effecting this change must be the suppression of the politician, who has been the curse of the diplomatic service as he has been of the military service. He is an adept at lying often, but he is never a diplomatist. Let the people of this nation once get this all-important fact rooted in their minds and the corner-stone of the training-school for American diplomatists will have been laid.

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New Honors for Columbus

SPAIN is unconsciously starring before the eyes of the world in a delicious little farce. Her "pride," her "honor," have again been outraged. There is a chance that America will hold the sacred bones of Columbus!

Surely this latest insult can never be tolerated. He discovered for Spain a vast continent; he died in poverty. He brought to Ferdinand and Isabella untold wealth; he received an Admiralty. He made Spain Queen of the New World; she gave him a coat-of-arms and named the country he discovered after his understudy. Through him Spain became the most powerful and the richest nation on earth; his descendant, the Duke of Veragua, four hundred years later, came begging to America.

When the bones of Columbus were alive, no one but himself cared anything about them; four hundred years after, when he has no further use for them, Spain claims them as a sacred heritage. She has been very tardy in paying proper respect to Columbus, but she is going to make up for lost time.

Why should America deprive little Spain of her rag doll? Let the Dons have the bones of Columbus; his fame belongs to America. Spain has forfeited all claim to the fame of Columbus. When he returned from America she cast him into irons because he had not made Their Majesties as wealthy as they had hoped. He was spurned by the Court and denied the just claims which he had against the throne. He was so poor that he was forced to seek the charity of a monastery. He was sent into obscurity like a culprit; he died in poverty, he was buried in a grave for years unmarked and unknown; even his dying wish, that his bones should rest in the Island of San Domingo, was unheeded.

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We can hardly look down upon Spain because of her delay in acknowledging his greatness. There is our own famous ancestor, Tubal Cain, the son-in-law, or some other near relative, of Adam. He was the world's first iron-worker—we might say the father of forgery! We overlooked his greatness for nearly 6000 years; but now he will have an imposing statue in Pittsburg.

So, then, it ill behooves us to laugh at Spain for her desire to venerate the remains of Columbus. After all, he is absolutely the last thing, excepting a big war debt, which they have to remind them of America. And they are teaching us a great lesson in forgiveness. Here they are begging the bones of the man who by his discoveries has cost Spain more in money and lives than any other man ever caused a nation.

America should make Spain a present of Columbus, and if he should ever be needed to complete a collection in some museum he could be brought back for a pecuniary consideration. American money bought the obelisk and Malmaison, the home of Napoleon. Why not the bones of Columbus?

THE FALLACY OF QUICK FORTUNES

CONCERNING the unhealthfulness of speculation in the wheat pit, says a writer in the Commercial Bulletin, I was told this week a thing that strengthens my opinion of it. That is, that Mr. Peavey, the elevator King of the Northwest, does not wish his employees to invest money in wheat "margins." He does not threaten to drop any employee found speculating, but he makes it an offense, and a charge against the efficiency of an employee.

His reason, as given to his employees, is that no man who has his money and heart in the wheat pit can do his whole duty to his employer. Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart, and usually his head, be also. A man with his hands on a company's accounts and his head away in the wheat pit will balk with his hands and cause loss to the company whose accounts he figures up. The man who handles other people's money and has his own in the wheat pit is tempted to use their money to save his own.

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So remarkable a tumble as that of young Joseph Leiter could not happen without one's hearing more or less comment concerning it. While taking lunch with a successful business man last week the table-talk turned to Leiter. This man said: "It was a great temptation for me when Leiter was cleaning up his millions to get into his wake and clean up a few thousands. I have never invested a cent in wheat margins, but I was greatly tempted to take a flyer behind Leiter.

"My better judgment has always been to let such things alone. Not because it is gambling. I shouldn't call it gambling, and it is not. It differs from gambling in that it is not a game of chance. It is a game of judgment. It is not inherently wrong, in my estimation. But it is unwholesome. I will explain what I mean. Take my business, for example.

"If I work every working-day of the year, push, look for opportunities, seize them, patiently bide my time on slow matters that may bring me profit. If I work this way the year through I can earn from $1200 to $5000 a year. We will say an average of $3500. Now a man on such an income, working twenty years and living reasonably, will be well provided for.

"But let that man make, say, $20,000 by a fortunate wheat deal in the first or second of those twenty years. Do you suppose he could apply himself as assiduously thereafter to picking up little opportunities and waiting patiently for the development of others?

"Unless he is more than a high average mortal he will not be patient with any business scheme that will do anything but drop big lump sums into his lap. It is much the same fever that takes hold of the gambler. Now the reason I have refrained from speculating in wheat is that it would unfit me for my business.

"I do not say that all successful speculators must continue to live by successful speculation or fail in the end, but that is the rule. The exceptions prove it. I am content not to try it. And I believe that the failure of young Leiter has saved many a young man who had started to follow his trail."

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On my own observation I want to add that for these reasons, and at least one more, I should not hunt my fortune in a wheat pit. The other reason is the chief one. It is that more happiness and a better growth of the higher life comes with the quieter earning of money. The patience and carefulness that is put into your character by steady, well-paid work brings a certain content and enjoyment as its result, and better fits you for the best kind of helpfulness to your neighbors. But many a man will say: "If I had a hundred thousand dollars I'd give this and that and make everybody around me happy." Many a man fools himself when he says it.

If you want to find helpful people you don't go to people who have a hundred thousand dollars, much less to those who got a hundred thousand out of a wheat pit (which usually means some other speculator's pocket).

THE PASSING OF THE OLD NAVY

The Old & The New

By GEORGE GIBBS, with Drawings by the Author

WITH much hitching of trousers and shifting of quid, the old longshoreman will tell you that sea life isn't at all what it once was.

He will gaze out to sea, where the great iron machines are plying back and forth, and a reminiscent sparkle will come into his eyes as he turns to his lobster pots and tells you how it was in the good days of clippers and sailing frigates, when sailor men were sailor men and not boiler-room swabs, machine-made and steam-soaked. He will also yarn (with much blinking of his eyes—and yours) of how fair it was in the deck watches of the Saucy Sally bark, with everything drawing alow and aloft, grog and baccy a-plenty, and never a care but the hurry to spend the voyage money. And not till he's mumbled all his discontent will he haul his sheets and give you right of way.

He forgets, sheer hulk that he is, that he's been in dry dock a generation or more, and that swift-moving Time has loosened his gear and dimmed his binnacle lights. Despite his ancient croaking, tricks at the wheel are to-day as ably kept, eyes as sharp as his still peer into the dimness over the forecastle, and the sea-lead takes as long a heave as in the early sixties, when he hauled up to New York with a thousand dollars in prize money and a heart full for the business of spending it. It has always been so. There has never been an age that has not had its carper to tell you of the wonders that once were.

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Yet it was truly beautiful. With the tide on the ebb and the wind a-piping free, never was a fairer sight than the Atlantic clipper, as she picked her speedy way through the shipping to the harbor's mouth; and nothing so stately as the gallant frigate in her wake, with all sail set to ga'n's'ls, her topsails bellying grandly to the quartering breeze, which whipped the filmy wave-tops against her broad bows, under which the yellow curl lapped merrily its greeting. The harbor clear and the capes abeam, aloft flew the nimble sail-loosers. The royal and the stu'nsails flapped to the freshening wind, sheets went home with a run, and the yards flew to their blocks.

Then, her departure taken, like a gull she sped blithely on her course. The rays of the afternoon sun gilded her snowy canvases until she looked a thing of air and fairyland, not of reality. On she flew, her tall spars dipping grandly to the swells—a stately farewell courtesy to the clipper, hull down to leeward. On the decks the boatswain piped his cheerful note, and everything came shipshape and Bristol-fashion for the cruise. The running-gear was neatly coiled for running, the guns secured for sea, and the watches told off. The officer of the deck walked to and fro, singing softly to himself, casting now and then a careful eye aloft to the weather leeches, which quivered like an aspen as the helmsman, leaning to the slant of the deck, kept her well up to her work.

And yet the poetry has not gone out of it all. The poetry of the sailing frigate was lyric. That of the steel battle-ship is Homeric. That is all the difference.

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Nothing save a war of the elements has the power of a battle-ship in action. Ten thousand tons of steel—a mighty fortress churning speedily through the water, fills the spirit with wonder at the works of man, and makes any engine for his destruction a possibility. Way down below the water-line, a score or more of furnaces, white-heated, roar furiously under the forced draught, and the monster engines move their ponderous arms majestically, and in rhythm and harmony mask their awful strength. Before the furnace doors, blackened, half-naked stokers move, silhouetted against the crimson glare, like grim phantoms of the Shades. The iron uprights and tools are hot to their touch, the purple gases hiss and sputter in their very faces, yet still they toil on, gasping for breath, their tongues cleaving to their mouths and their wet bodies steaming in the heat of it.

The deck above gives no sign of the struggle below. Where, in the old days, the sonorous trumpet rang out and the spar deck was alive with the watch who hurried to the pin rail at the frequent call, now all is quiet. Here and there bright work is polished, or a lookout passes a cheery call, but nothing, save the man at the wheel and the officer of the watch, shows the actual working of the ship.

Seamanship, in the sense of sail-handling, is a thing of the past. Though there is no officer in the Navy who could not, in an emergency, handle a square-rigger with the science of an old sea Captain, the man on the bridge has now come to be first a tactician and after that a master of steam and electricity.

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In the sea battles of 1812, the Captain was here, there, and everywhere in the thickest of the fight, inspiring by his personal magnetism the men at the guns. He was the soul of his ship. To-day the sea battle is a one-man battle. The Captain is still the heart and soul of the ship, but his ends are accomplished in a less personal way. His men need not see him. By the touch of a finger he can perform every action necessary to carry his ship to victory. He can see everything, do everything, and make his presence everywhere felt by the mere operation of a set of electrical instruments in front of him.

The intricacies of his position are, in a way, increased. He may lose a boiler, split a crank, or break an electrical connection, but the beautiful subtleties of old-fashioned seamanship have no place whatever on the modern war-ship.

Let it not be understood that the handling of the great ocean fortress of to-day may be mastered by any save a craftsman of the art. With plenty of sea-room and a keen watch alow and aloft, the trick is a simple one, for the monster is only a speck in the infinity of sea and sky, and there's never a fear save for a blow, a ship or a shore. But in close manœuvre, or in harbor, the problem is different. Ten thousand tons of bulk cannot be turned and twisted on the heel with the swish and toss of the wieldy clipper. Observant transpontine voyagers, who have watched the gigantic liner warped out from her pier into a swift tideway with a leeward ebb, will tell you what a complicated and difficult thing it seems to be.

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The Captain of the battle-ship must be all that the merchant captain is, and more beside. Mooring and slipping moorings should be an open book to the naval officer, but his higher studies, the deeper intricacies of the science of war, are mysteries for the merchant Captain. All of it is seamanship, of course. But to-day it is the seamanship of the bridled elements, where strength is met by strength, and steam and iron make wind and wave as nothing.

The perfection of the seamanship of the past was not in strength, but in yielding, and the saltiest sea captain was he who cajoled both ship and sea to his bidding. The winds and waves, they say, are always on the side of the ablest navigators, but it was rather a mysterious and subtle knowledge of the habits and humors of God's sea and sky, and a sympathy born of constant communion, which made both ship and Captain a part of the elements about them, and turned them into servants, and not masters.

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The naval Captains of 1812 had learned this freemasonry of sea and sky, and one incident—a typical one—will show it as no mere words can do. Its characteristics are Yankee pluck and old-fashioned Yankee seamanship.

The frigate Constitution—of glorious memory—in 1812, gave the British squadron, which surrounded her, startling proof of the niceties of Yankee seamanship. There never has been a race for such a stake, and never will be. Had Old Ironsides been captured there is no telling what would have been the deadly effect on the American fortunes. It was the race for the life of a Nation.

The Constitution was the country's hope and pride, and Captain Hull knew it. He felt that Old Ironsides could never fail to do the work required of her. So for four days and nights the old man towed her along, the British frigates just out of range, until he showed clean heels to the entire squadron. The ingenuity and deft manœuvring of the chase has no parallel in the history of this or any other country in the world.

With hardly a catspaw of wind, Hull drifted into sight of the British fleet off the Jersey coast. Before he knew it, they brought the wind up with them and his position was desperate. There were four frigates and a ship of the line spread out in a way to take advantage of any breath of air. Hull called away his boats, and, running lines to them, sent them ahead to tow her as best they might. The British did still better, for they concentrated the boats of the squadron on two ships, and gained rapidly on the American. Hull cut ports over the stern and ran two eighteen-pounders out of his cabin windows, where he began a continuous fire on the enemy. The British ships shifted their helms and took up positions on the quarters of the frigate, unable to approach too closely with their boats for fear of the Constitution's stern guns, which dropped their hurtling shot under their very bows.

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The desperate game had only begun. Hull, finding he had but one hundred and fifty feet of water under him, decided to kedge her along. In a few minutes, the largest boat was rowing away ahead with a small anchor on board, stretching out half a mile of cable. The anchor dropped, the men hauled in roundly, and walked away with the line at a smart pace. It was heart-breaking work, but the speed of the ship was trebled. By the time the vessel was warped up to the first anchor another one was ready for her, and she clawed still further out of the enemy's reach. The British did not at first discover the magic headway of the American, and not for some time did they attempt to follow suit.

HER LAST BILLET

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Then a breeze came up. Hull hauled his yards to it, picked up his boats without slacking sail, and went ahead. But hardly were the sails drawing when the wind died away again. One of the ships came into range, and there was nothing for it but to go back to the kedging. Three times did this occur, the Captain, with his eye on the dog vane, jockeying her along as a skipper would his racing yacht. The men had now been at

their quarters for thirty-six hours without rest or sleep. But at the order they dropped into the boats again, ready for anything.

Another breeze sprang up now and held for two hours. Like logs the sailor men tumbled over on the decks, nearly dead for lack of sleep. On the afternoon of the third day of the chase the Constitution lost the wind and the enemy kept it. Back again to kedging they went, weary and sick at heart.

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But relief was in sight. A great cloud hove up on the southeastern horizon, and the black squall that followed was a Godsend to the Constitution and her weary crew. Hull knew the Englishmen wouldn't like the looks of the squall. No more did he. But he kept his boats at the towing nevertheless.

He stationed his men at the halyards and down-hauls, and had everything in hand for the shock. He calmly watched the on-coming line of froth growing whiter every minute, while his officers came to him and begged him to take in his sail. But wait he did until the first breath stirred his royals. Then the shrill pipe of the boatswain called the boats alongside of the Constitution.

They were not a moment too soon. As the men were hooking the tackles, the blast struck the ship. Over she heeled, almost on her beam ends, the boats tossed up like featherweights. The yards came down with a rush, and the sails flew up to the quarter-blocks, though the wind seemed likely to blow them out of the bolt ropes. She righted herself in a moment, though, and so cleverly had Hull watched his time that not a boat was lost.

Among the enemy, all was disorganization. Every sail was furled, and some of their boats went adrift. Then, as the friendly rain and mist came down, the wily Yankee spread his sails—not even furled—and sailed away on an easy bowline at nine knots an hour.

The race was won. Before the Englishmen could recover, Hull managed, by wetting his sails, to make them hold the wind, and soon the enemy was but a blur on his western horizon. Then the British gave it up.

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The superiority of Yankee seamanship was never more marked than in this chase. The British had the wind, the advantage of position, the force, and lacked only the wonderful skill and indomitable perseverance of the old man who, with everything against him, never for a moment despaired of pulling gallant Old Ironsides out of the reach of his slow-moving enemy.

The difficult manœuvre of picking up his boats, without backing a yard or easing a sheet, he repeated again and again, to the wonderment of his adversaries, whose attempts in this direction failed every time they tried it in a smart breeze. Hull's tactics at the coming of the squall were hazardous, and under any other circumstances would have been suicidal. For a skipper to have his boats two cable-lengths away from his ship, with his royals flapping to the first shock of a squall, is bad seamanship. But if tackles are hooked and men are safe aboard there is no marine feat like it.

The naval history of this country is full of such instances. Capt. Charles Stewart, on the same ship, did a wonderful thing. In his fight with the Cyane and the Levant he delivered a broadside from both batteries at once. Then, shifting his helm, under cover of the smoke, he backed his topsails and drew out sternward from the enemy's fire, taking a new position, and delivering another broadside which brought their surrender.

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The war-ship of fifty years ago was as different from the battle-ship of to-day as a caravel from a torpedo-boat. With half the length and a third the tonnage, the old "ship-of-the-line" had three times as many men as the modern sea fighter. Yet with a thousand men aboard, she had work for them all. More than two acres of canvas were to be handled, and over a hundred guns were to be served, loaded and fired. A thousand pieces of running-gear were to be rove and manned. The huge topsails, weighing, with their yards, many tons, needed on their halyards half a hundred men. Great anchors were to be broken from their sandy holds, and the capstan bars, double-banked, hove around to the sound of the merry chantey and deep-voiced trumpet. Homeward bound, the business of anchor hoisting turned into a mad scene, and many a rude jest and hoarse song turned the crowded fo'castle into a carnival of jollity.

In matters of routine and training the crews of the American frigates differed little from those of England. The sailor men of the United States, though newer to the work of navigating the big ships, were smart seamen, and could cross or bring down their light yards, send down their masts or clear for action with the oldest and very best of England's men-o'-wars-men.

The ships themselves differed little in general construction. During the war of 1812, of large frigates we possessed but the Constitution, the President, and the Constellation. Though built upon models patterned after the accepted standards of the period, they were somewhat smaller than the British vessels and usually carried a lighter armament. Their unbroken list of victories during the war with England is remarkable, when one considers what the young nation was contending against, both at home and abroad, and how little aid Congress had given the infant Navy.

It seems really wonderful how a large body of men, numbering from 300 to 600, and later a thousand or more, could find comfort and a home from one year's end to another in a space only two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide.

But Jack is nowhere so comfortable as aboard ship. He is used to prescribed limits, and crawls into his hammock at night, happy that the space is no greater. There is a companionship, he thinks, in close quarters, and he likes them.

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In the old ships it was a matter of great importance to provide comfortable quarters for the great crews they were obliged to carry. In England during the first years of the century the complement of a "Seventy-four" was 590 and even 640 men. Hammocks seem to have been used even during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when they were called "nets," probably because they were made of rope yarn.

The officers were then, as now, given the after part of the ship. A wooden bulkhead separated the cabins of the officers from the main decks, where the men lived, though when the ship was cleared for action the bulkheads were taken down and all movable property both of officer and man was taken below deck.

This gave a clean sweep of the deck from bow to stern. The steerage had from two to six broadside guns in it, and even the Captain had to live with a couple of brass stern chasers and a broadsider or two.

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The grandest line of battle-ship ever built for this country was the old Pennsylvania. She was made of wood throughout, 220 feet long and fifty-eight feet beam, with a draft of twenty-five feet of water and 3500 tons displacement—just one-third of that of the modern Iowa. Eleven hundred men could swing their hammocks on her wide decks, where no modern gun carriages or steel compartments broke the long sweep from the cabin forward. Her sides were of oak, with a thickness of eighteen inches at the upper gunports and thirty-two inches at the water-line, almost heavy enough at long range to resist the shot of a modern rifle. Her sixteen inches were proof against her own fire at a mile. On her three fighting decks she carried sixteen eight-inch guns, the heaviest they had in those days, and 104 thirty-two pounders. Her main mast was over 200 feet long, and, with all sail set, she could leg it at twelve knots an hour.

But compare her with the modern Indiana. The Pennsylvania weighed less than the armor of the Indiana alone. The Indiana has but sixteen guns against 120 on the Pennsylvania, but that broadside can send two tons of tempered steel at a single discharge. The old eight-inch guns of the Pennsylvania could send a shell through fifteen inches of oak at a distance of a mile—the equivalent of half an inch of steel.

The range of a modern rifle is from five to twelve miles; the penetration is almost anything you please in the way of steel armor. The Pennsylvania's shells at point-blank range would hardly make a perceptible dent in the Indiana's steel armor, and the old cast-iron shot would roll harmlessly down the new ship's sides. But one explosive shell from the Indiana would go through the Pennsylvania from stem to stern, and would splinter and burn her beyond repair.

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The Pennsylvania cost the Government, in 1837, nearly seven hundred thousand dollars—a fabulous sum for a battle-ship in those days. The Indiana cost three million and a half—only $250,000 less than the sum paid for that vast territory bought from Napoleon and known as the Louisiana Purchase, and about half the sum paid for the acquisition of Alaska from Russia.

The statistics are interesting. According to official authority, in putting this vessel together 700 tons of rivets alone were used. About 400 plans were made for the hull and about 250 plans and drawings were made for the engines. These would take a force of 100 men a year to complete.

The engines and machinery alone weigh about 900 tons. The smokestacks are about sixteen feet in diameter. Each of the main engines is so enormous that under the great frames, in the economy of space and construction, are two smaller engines, the sole mission of which is to start the big ones. There are about sixty-six separate engines for various purposes. The condensing tubes, placed end to end, would cover a distance of twelve miles. Thirty tons of water fill her boilers, which would stand a pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch. Three dynamos provide the electricity—a plant which would light a town of 5000 inhabitants. There are twenty-one complete sets of speaking tubes and twenty-four telephone stations.

The two great turrets are clad with nineteen inches of toughened steel. In each of these turrets there are two thirteen-inch guns. Each of these guns is about fifty feet long and weighs sixty-one tons. There are eight eight-inch guns on the superstructure, in sets of twos, and amidships on the main deck are four six-inch rifles. In ten minutes, firing each thirteen-inch gun once in two minutes and using all the other guns at their full power, the Indiana could fire about sixty tons of death-dealing metal.

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The millenium has not yet been reached, but such awful force makes universal peace a possibility. What the immediate future holds forth in naval architecture and gunnery is a matter which excites some curiosity, for it almost seems as though perfection, according to the standard of the end of the century, has been reached. And yet we already know of certain changes, improvements and inventions, the direct outcome of the Spanish war, which are to be made on the vessels now contracted for, which affect importantly the government of the ship; and so it may be that the next twenty years will show as great an evolution as have the two decades just past.

But whatever the future may bring, it has been a marvelous and momentous change from the old Navy to the new. Since the Monitor-Merrimac fight, no country has been quicker to profit by the lessons of the victory of iron over wood and of steel over iron than the United States.

But the Navy that is, however glorious its achievements, can never dim the glory of the Navy that was, though sailor men, old and new, know that in a test of ship and ship, and man and man, the flag of this country will continue to fly triumphant.

THE PRESIDENT THROUGH THE CRISIS

The Responsibilities of the Head of the Nation

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

WE OFTEN hear it said that plenty of Napoleons, Washingtons, Lincolns and Grants are living in the farm-houses and villages of the universe, unconscious of their power, until events cause them to emerge from their obscurity. In a great measure, the world's history demonstrates the truth of this supposition. There was never an emergency without a man to meet it. God chooses His own instruments for the development of the Divine problem, and while men may come and go, and try and fail, the proper man is always certain to appear at the proper time. More frequently than otherwise his strength of character develops with his responsibilities.

President McKinley has offered students of psychology a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the intellectual abilities of a man may develop in new lines, as circumstances require. He served as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion long enough to obtain what may be termed the rudiments of a military education, which, however, lay dormant and useless for more than a third of a century, until the progress of events required him to exercise his constitutional prerogatives as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

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While his experience as a commissary sergeant and aide-de-camp on the staff of a Brigadier-General may not have increased his fitness for the responsibility of command, it did him no harm, and at least taught him sympathy with the private soldier, which has pervaded his policy from the beginning, and seems to have been uppermost in his mind at all times.

The President deplored the war, but does not regret it. He believes that the Cuban problem might have been solved without bloodshed but for the impetuous spirit of Congress, which was heated by the destruction of the Maine, and the sufferings of the reconcentrados, as described by Secretary Proctor in his famous speech before the Senate.

He greatly dreaded and strongly resisted the war spirit, first, because he does not believe in the settlement of international difficulties by force; second, because he felt that the people of the United States were deceived as to the character and condition of the insurgents; third, because he believed that we might obtain a good Government for the Cubans without armed intervention; and, finally, because he knew that we were ill prepared for a military struggle and anticipated the difficulties and the distress which have been suffered by our armies.

But when at last he was plunged into war he accepted the responsibilities promptly, and the vigor with which the preparations were quickly made and the campaign executed was due to his sturdy energy. No President since the time of Washington has taken such an active part in military affairs. It is safe to say that no report has been received at either the War or Navy Departments, and no order issued from either of those offices, of any particular interest or special significance, without the President's knowledge and approval.

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It is equally safe to say positively that no man in the country is so familiar with the events and incidents that have occurred since the first of May last than the President himself. Secretary Alger, General Miles, Secretary Long, the War Board of the Navy Department and the heads of the staff corps of the Army have been in almost daily consultation with him, and he has carried in his mind the details of the operations of the fleets and the armies so completely that when Admiral Sampson, Admiral Schley and the other Peace Commissioners came to the White House to receive their instructions, he was able to discuss the details without any reference to records or correspondence.

The room formerly occupied by Private Secretary Porter as an office was fitted up as a war library early in the spring. The walls are covered with maps, and the book-case is filled with military and naval authorities, gazetteers and other works of reference. In the pigeon holes of a desk are extracts from reports and other official documents, with files of orders issued from the War and Navy Departments arranged in chronological order.

The daily movements of the troops and fleets have been indicated upon the maps by tiny pins with heads of sealing wax of different colors, and when the daily reports came in from the West Indies, Mr. Montgomery, who has been the official telegrapher at the White House for many years, and as a reward for his faithful and efficient service was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel in the signal corps, has changed their positions in order that the President might learn at a glance where every ship and every brigade lay each morning. His official information has been supplemented by press reports, which have been furnished him through the courtesy of the newspapers and the Press Associations. Several newspapers have courteously supplied him with duplicates of their despatches, and, with a few sensational exceptions, they have proven quite as accurate and much more satisfactory than the meagre skeletons which came from General Shafter and Admiral Sampson.

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Every evening since the war began the President has spent at least an hour or two in the war room, and sometimes has remained there nearly all night. The members of his Cabinet, General Miles, General Schofield, Admiral Sicard, Captain Mahan and Captain Crowninshield, of the Navy, have frequently been with him, and scarcely a night has passed without a visit from General Corbin before retiring. Most of the important information has come during the night, and it is a curious coincidence that the greatest events of the war have occurred on Sunday, or the intelligence of them has been received at the White House on that day.

No plan of campaign has been adopted, no movement has been ordered, without the President's knowledge and approval. He has been the actual Commander-in-Chief, and has issued his orders through the Secretary of War to the various commanders, just as Presidents Washington and Jackson did. At the same time, no President has ever taken the pains to consult his constitutional advisers as frequently and carefully as Mr. McKinley. The present Cabinet had more to do with framing the policy of the Administration than any other we have had since the time of President Hayes.

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Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison, to a somewhat less degree, treated their Cabinets as clerks or agents for the exercise of their wills, and very seldom consulted one department concerning affairs that related to others. President McKinley returned to the ancient custom of bi-weekly conferences, at which all serious questions concerning the administration of the Government have been considered and decided. Until he became

President, there had not been a roll call in the Cabinet chamber for thirty years. He acts on the principle that in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom. He ... advice from members of Congress and ... niers in public opinion throughout ... country as no other President has done. He ... reads newspaper editorials upon public affairs, and has shown a great respect for such expressions of public sentiment.

When the Cabinet meets, it is customary for each member to submit in turn any important questions bearing upon his department, and, naturally, for the last six months the Secretaries of State, War and Navy have monopolized attention. When the proposition is submitted the "tail ender" as they call the Secretaries of Agriculture, expresses his opinion first, the Secretary of the Interior follows him, and it has been a matter of great importance, which the President ... fully appreciated, that men of such strong character, wide experience and ripe wisdom ... Mr Wilson and Mr Bliss have given their clear judgment upon the many serious matters that have come before them.

Sometimes the President disagrees with the opinions expressed, and ... his own before calling for a vote, but in a majority of cases he has taken a vote without at all disclosing his own views.

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The Cabinet has been divided on the Cuban question. The conservative men have been Secretary Day, Secretary Gage and Secretary Long. The radical men have been Secretary Alger, Secretary Bliss, Secretary Wilson, Attorney General Griggs and Postmaster General Smith. Sometimes the President has been on one side and sometimes on the other. While Mr Gary was Postmaster General he always voted with the conservatives, which made a tie.

At no time since the beginning of the war has the President been "rattled." His most trying moments were those which followed the destruction of the Maine and the determination of Congress to compel the recognition of the Cuban republic. The President does not yet believe that the Spanish Government or the authorities at Havana ... anything to do with or were in any way responsible for the Maine disaster. He clung ... [illegible] ... and has not entirely abandoned it yet.

His patience has been most severely tried by the incompetency of some of the subordinate officials who have been intrusted with responsibilities, and by the jealousies that ... created both the Army and the Navy. Friction between the various branches of the Army and between the Secretary of War ... the commanding General made President Lincoln very unhappy at times, and was much worse during the rebellion than during the present war because of the length and magnitude of that struggle.

Major McKinley certainly possesses many of the attributes of a philosopher, and is blessed with an even temper, a deliberate disposition and a keen sense of justice which has been recognized by the conflicting forces. And whatever scandals may grow out of the war, he will be acquitted of all blame. It will be discovered that the President has shown more zeal, skill and ability than any of his subordinates.

The most striking characteristic developed by the President during the present struggle has been firmness. I remember that during the campaign preceding his election that a great many good people doubted the wisdom of the choice for fear he lacked determination. They said that he was too amiable, like General Garfield; but in the struggle with Congress, and afterward with Spain, and all the time with the different factions of the Army and Navy, the President has been firm and has never yielded his own convictions for a moment.

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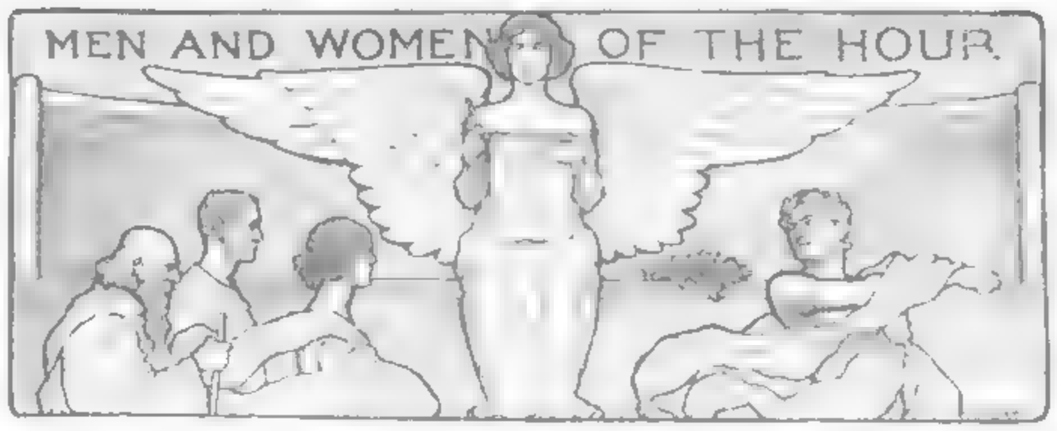
When the Powers of Europe showed signs of an intention to intervene in our affairs the President took the responsibility of notifying them that while their friendly interest was appreciated, no interference would be tolerated. His sagacity was demonstrated at a very early period of the war, when objected to the purpose of Spain to entrust the archives of her legation in Wa... and the protection of her interests ... to the French Ambassador and the Austrian Envoy.

Some of the old officials of the State Department, and members of the Cabinet and the public generally, saw no reason why these two amiable gentlemen might not advise with each other, but the President's foresight taught him that sooner or later there might be a combination of the Powers in support of Spain; hence he deemed it wise to express his disapproval of any such arrangement before it was seriously contemplated. Therefore, when the Secretary of State was notified by the French Ambassador and the Austrian Minister that the diplomatic interests of Spain had been committed to their charge, under the instructions of the President, they were informed that only one of them could be recognized.

For the same reason, and in the same way, when the European Ambassadors attempted to give him some advice before he sent his message to Congress, he thanked them for their kind intentions, and intimated to them that Uncle Sam was thoroughly capable of looking after his own affairs.



The Romance of the Dead Empress The career of the murdered Empress of Austria was most romantic. She was the youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, and was the ... of the family. She delighted in riding about the country, associating with peasants, and leading in general a careless, happy life.

When this simple little maid was but sixteen years of age a King came a wooing. At first he came not for her but for an older sister. One story is that when Francis Joseph came to Duke Maximilian's home only the four older sisters were at home, and they received him cordially and entertained him to the best of their ability.

As he sat on the lawn, chatting with the sisters, he espied the slim form of a girl of exquisite beauty, dressed in white. Her hair was hanging over her shoulders. It was the youngest sister. Emperor Joseph forthwith fell desperately in love with her, and a few days later made a formal demand for her hand in marriage.

Another version is that one day Emperor Joseph entered the Duke's house just as the beautiful Princess Elizabeth was amusing herself by sliding down the banisters. She lost her balance and fell into the arms and into the affections of the Emperor.

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Colonel Payne's Gift to the Medical World Col. Oliver A. Payne, who has recently given $1,500,000 for the endowment of a great medical school at Cornell University, makes his princely gift the payment of a long standing debt to the medical profession. Years ago Colonel Payne was cured of a long and dangerous illness by Doctor Loomis, who was deeply interested in the medical department of the New York University.

As a token of ... appreciation of the work of the profession Colonel Payne gave $150,000 to the Medical Directors of the University. But mismanagement on the part of the Chancellor, and disregard of the rights and opinions of distinguished men of the faculty, disgusted Colonel Payne, and he withdrew his support. But his gratitude to the profession was as unbounded as ever, and now by his generosity he has made it possible for New York to possess the finest medical school in America, if not in the world.

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Pando's Opinion of the Spanish War Gen Luis Manuel de Pando ... has just returned to Spain, was next in command to Blanco in Cuba. The sensational report that he had secretly left Cuba with about $100,000 of Spanish funds which belonged in Havana proved to be unfounded. In appearance General Pando is not prepossessing, and does not even possess a distinctive military air. He is under the height and is stout.

When interviewed by a reporter regarding the war General Pando's ... all knowledge of war, and said that there had only been some mere child's play at soldiering in Cuba.

It is reported that General Pando, when on a visit to the city of Mexico recently, was indirectly the cause of a duel. It seems that the Spaniard interfered in the domestic affairs of the Marquis de Lasmera, his host, and received a slight wound. A report as to how the scratch was received offended de Lasmera, and he challenged its author, Baron Starke, and a duel was fought. The Marquis de Lasmera will recover but Starke will probably lose his sight entirely.

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Speaker Reed's College Days Thomas Brackett Reed, of Maine, who has sat in Congress for twenty-two years and has just been reelected for the twelfth consecutive time, is one of the leading American statesmen of the day. At his recent nomination speeches were made by two of his old classmates at Bowdoin College which were reminiscent of his college days.

Mr. Reed's class was the class of 1860, and it contained not far from forty members. He was not lazy, as it has been said he was. A stranger might have thought him indifferent or idle, but he possessed an aspiring mind, and a real eagerness to learn not much but well and on this he ...

He was no dullard and no book worm. At the obsequies of Calculus, at the end of the junior year, Reed was one of the pall bearers. The Latin Doxology, which was sung after the burning of the much hated book, is said to have been written by Reed [illegible].

Speaker Reed's great ability ... first shown when he defended a tramp who had been arrested by the boys and made the victim of a mock trial. The prisoner was charged with theft, as well as vagrancy. Sam Fessenden, a son of William Pitt Fessenden, the famous statesman, a few years later went to the war on ... battle, was prosecuting attorney ... made a plea which was considered remarkable by all who heard it. It captivated the jury and won freedom for the tramp.

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How Doctor Gatling Finally Succeeded In spite of a trade with an unhappy name there is a kind of humane second thought in the ingenuity of the death instrument maker. He may invent something so terrible as to make war impossible. The view lends an interest to the work of Dr R J G...

...gun that ... fires two hundred shots a minute. Our surprise to be told that he is really a tender hearted ... who we know how he was first led to conceive ... trive his murderous ...

Seeing the trains of wounded and wrecks of regiments return from the front during the great war for the Union, he thought of the waste of industry and time and life in sending so many men into deadly service. If war must now, what a saving would be a single firearm, if it would shorten the slaughter from months to minutes and finally appall contending armies so that they would refuse to fight.

... man in middle life ... on the age of twenty one he had shown skill as an inventor. The first fruit of his genius was a steamboat propeller wheel. He had also originated several labor saving devices for use in cotton culture, and patented a hemp breaking machine and a steam plow. He is eighty years old now, and still inventing. Lately ... voted him $40,000 for his ... experiments in a new method of casting cannon.

When he invented his propeller and took it to Washington he found that Ericsson had just secured a patent for a similar design, and all his labor was thrown away. A few years later he lost two thirds of the money he had realized and invested ... on the sale of his wheat drill. After he completed the "gatling gun" a fire destroyed all his work and his patterns. When, a year or two later he had duplicated his patterns and placed an instrument before the public, a rascally agent ran off with every cent of the sales.

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The Fallen Chief of the Mahdis Osman Digna, who has been responsible to a large ... for the Egyptian uprisings and whom Sir Herbert Kitchener has so signally defeated, is a man sixty two years of age. His right name is Osman Ali, although he was called Digna because of his beard, dikn meaning the beard. He was originally a dealer in slaves at Khartoum and Berber. At Berber, Osman ... entered into communication with the Mahdi and entered into his plans for inducing the tribes to revolt. When the rebellion had assumed formidable proportions he was made military commander. How well he has filled that position is well known. He suffered comparatively few defeats, and would never admit that he was conquered. The loss of one battle or campaign would only increase his efforts to raise new forces. But Kitchener's victory over the followers of the Kalifa has placed Osman Digna *hors de combat*.

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Madame Melba's Mechanical Rival Madame Melba was quite recently present at a concert given by a fashionable hostess. The great singer's reception upon the platform had been tumultuous. It was followed by rapt silence. At the back of the room servants were creeping in with extra chairs. Hardly had she commenced, however, when a strange silvery mechanical rival made itself heard. The ... hostess turned, her head scowling ... Her more ... neighbors followed suit. But the tinkle ... ran on as resolutely as ever. It grew unbearable. Melba ... on, but every one listened to the mysterious ... current in which there was no ... harmony, and only vexation. People ... craned under chairs, gazed at the walls, the floor, the ceiling, each other ...

A buzz of whispers spread over ... On the platform, a figure ... curiously stood Melba. While the ... canary music still ... continued. Chairs were ... turned, pockets ... search ... sound was traced to its source. ... nursery chair, which played a household ... when sat upon, squeezed a stout and decorously unconcerned ... was removed.

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The New Minister an Old Favorite Señor Don Maria Vicuna, the new Minister from Chile to the United States, is no new figure in Washington. He was well known in official circles at the Capital thirty years ago. His first experience in public life was as Secretary of the Chilean Legation in Washington which position he held from 1870 to ...

At that time Señor Vicuna, then a young man, enjoyed the warm friendship of President Grant and Hamilton Fish. To-day Vicuna is inclined to be stout, and his hair and beard are well whitened. Since he left America he has made a deep study of international affairs having been First Secretary ... London Legation, First Secretary of the Paris Legation, Minister Plenipotentiary to Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina, and Secretary of State of Chili. Señor Vicuna has delved deeply into the African problem, and is a man ripe in experience.

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The Passing of a Noted Lawyer In the recent death of Thomas McIntyre Cooley of Michigan the country has lost one of its most accomplished constitutional lawyers. A number of his legal works are regarded generally as the standard authority on their respective subjects, notably The Constitutional Limitations Which Rest Upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union. His other important works include Law of Taxation, Law of Torts, Judicial Principles of Constitutional Law in the United States, Michigan, a History of Governments, and editions of the Commentaries of Blackstone and Story. ... the Bar when twenty ... one years old and for forty six years led a life of ... useful activity. He had served as Dean of the Faculty of Law in the University of Michigan, as a Justice and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of his State, as Professor of American History in the University, and as Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

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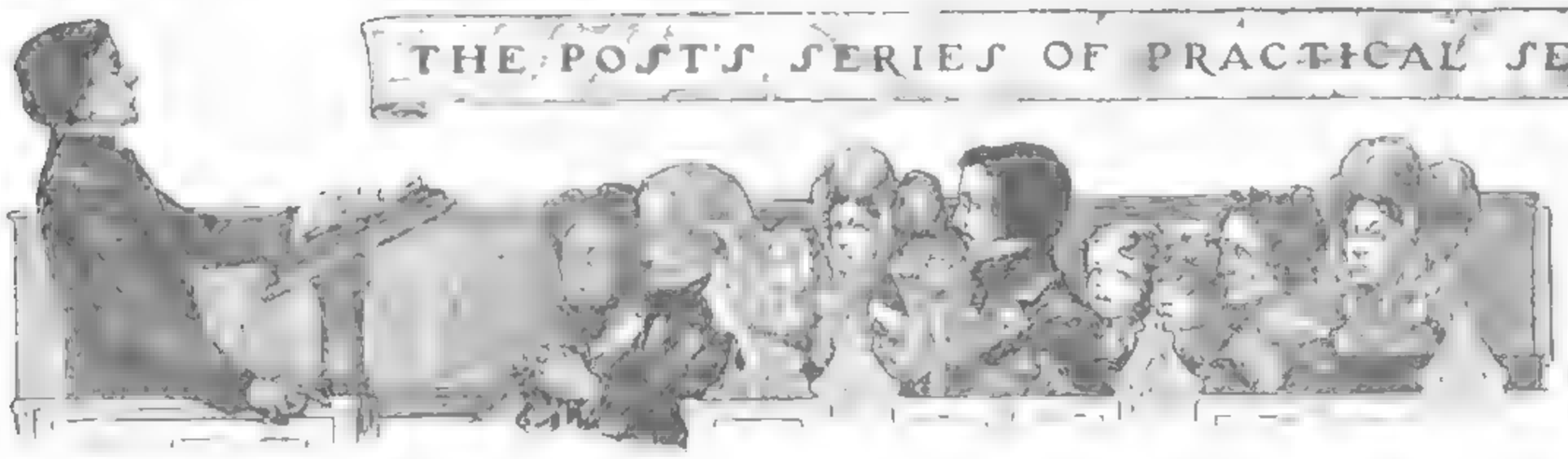
Dr. George E. Morrison, the Foreign Correspondent Among all the foreign correspondents that journalism has developed in the recent past, none has made anything like such an impression in the Governmental and diplomatic circles of Europe as ... George Ernest Morrison, the man who sends dispatches to the London Times from Peking, says the New York Times. Hitherto he has preserved a more or less complete anonymity, sinking his own personality in that of his papers, but so important a part has the information furnished by him played in the recent shuffling of Chinese provinces, and therefore, in the ambitions of the Powers that he has at last been drawn ... into the light.

This now famous discoverer and revealer of National secrets was born in Australia thirty six years ago. He studied medicine at Melbourne University, but abandoned his ... and started ... on a long trading journey among the South Sea Islands. In 1888 a spear wound received while at the head of an exploring expedition in New Guinea, sent him to Edinburgh for treatment, and after further studies there he returned to medicine, practicing in Spain, Morocco, and Ballarat. These very frequent changes did not satisfy his wandering inclinations, so he again gave up his profession and devoted himself to travel and writing. After visiting Japan, Doctor Morrison, in 1894, determined to cross China at its greatest width, from Shanghai to the Burmese frontier. The story of this trip he has told in his book, An Australian in China. He covered 3000 miles in all—one half by boat, in a voyage up the Yangtse River, and the remainder on the overland highway into Burmah. Then he spoke no Chinese, but he has since accomplished the task of learning that dreadful tongue thoroughly, and he now has the confidence, or gets the information, of Chinese officials close to the Dragon Throne.



THE COURAGE THAT OVERCOMES

By REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D

"Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." Psalm xxvii. 14

THIS is a sermon about courage, one of the simplest and most straightforward of the virtues, necessary, and therefore possible, for every true and noble human life.

It is a quality that we admire by instinct. We need no teacher to tell us that it is a fine thing to be brave. The lack of courage is universally recognized as a grave defect of character. If in our own hearts we feel the want of it, if we cannot find enough of it to enable us to face the dangers and meet the responsibilities and fight the battles of life, we are not only sorry, but secretly ashamed.

The absence of courage is a fault that few are willing to confess. We naturally conceal it, and cover it up, and try to keep it secret even from ourselves. We invent favorable names for it, which are only unconscious excuses. We call it prudence, or respectability, or conservatism, or economy, or worldly wisdom, or the instinct of self-preservation. For in truth there is nothing that we are more reluctant to admit than cowardice, and there is no virtue which we would more gladly possess and prove than courage.

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In the first place, it is an honorable virtue. Men have always loved and praised it. It lends a glory and a splendor to the life in which it dwells—lifts it up and ennobles it, and crowns it with light. The world delights in heroism, even in its rudest forms and lowest manifestations. Among the animals we create a sort of aristocracy on the basis of courage, and recognize, in the fearlessness of the game beasts and birds and fishes, a claim to rank above the timorous, furtive, spiritless members of creation.

And in man bravery is always fine. We salute it in our enemies. A daring foe is respected, and though we fight against him we still honor his courage, and almost forget the conflict in our admiration for his noble bearing. That is what Doctor Johnson meant by saying, "I love a good hater."

The enemy who slinks and plots and conceals—makes traps and ambuscades, seeks to lead his opponent into dangers which he himself would never dare to face—is despicable, serpentine and contemptible. But he who stands up boldly against his antagonist in any conflict, physical, social or spiritual, and deals fair blows, and uses honest argument, and faces the issues of warfare, is a man to love even across the chasm of strife. An outspoken infidel is far nobler than a disguised skeptic. A brave, manly foe is infinitely better than a false, timorous friend.

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In the second place, courage is a serviceable virtue. There is hardly any place in which it is not useful. There is no type of character, no sphere of action, in which there is not room and need for it.

Genius is talent set on fire by courage. Fidelity is simply daring to be true in small things as well as great. As many as are the conflicts and perils and hardships of life, so many are the uses and the forms of courage. It is necessary, indeed, as the protector and defender of all the other virtues. Courage is the standing army of the soul which keeps it from conquest, pillage and slavery.

Unless we are brave we can hardly be truthful, or generous, or just, or pure, or kind, or loyal. "Few persons," says a wise observer, "have the courage to appear as good as they really are." You must be brave in order to be, your own possibilities of virtue. Courage is essential to guard the best qualities of the soul, and to clear the way for their action, and make them move with freedom and vigor.

If we desire to be good we must first of all desire to be brave, that against all opposition, scorn and danger we may move straight onward to do the right.

In the third place, courage is a comfortable virtue. It fills the soul with inward peace and strength. In fact, this is just what it is—courage is simply strength of heart. Subjection to fear is weakness, bondage, feverish unrest. To be afraid is to have no soul that we can call our own, it is to be at the beck and call of alien powers, to be chained and driven and tormented. It is to lose the life itself in the anxious care to keep it. Many people are so afraid to die that they have never begun to live. But courage emancipates us and gives us to ourselves, that we may give ourselves freely and without fear to God—courageously trusting Him.

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How sweet and clear and steady is the life into which this virtue enters day by day, not merely in those great flashes of excitement which come in the moments of crisis, but in the presence of the hourly perils, the continual conflicts. Not to tremble at the shadows which surround us, not to shrink from the [illegible] ten us, not to hesitate and fall [illegible] despairing still among the perplexities and trials of our life, but to move steadily onward without fear, if only we can keep ourselves without reproach—surely that is what the Psalmist meant by good courage and strength of heart, and it is a most comfortable, pleasant and happy virtue.

Let us talk together for a while about this virtue, and consider what we mean by it, how we can obtain it, and what good it will do us.

I. First of all, let us try to understand the difference between courage and some of the things which are frequently mistaken for it.

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There is a sharp distinction between courage and recklessness. The reckless man is ignorant: he rushes into danger with [illegible] itation, simply because he does not know what danger means. The brave man is intelligent; he faces danger because he understands it and is prepared to meet it. The drunkard who runs in the delirium of intoxication, into a burning house is not brave, he is only stupid. But the clear-eyed hero who makes his way, with every sense alert and every nerve strung, into the hell of flames to rescue some little child, at the risk of his life, proves his noble courage.

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The more keenly we are awake to the perils of life, the bigger and grander is the possibility of being truly brave. To drift along as some people do, through this world of sin as if there were nothing in it to fear; to slide easily downward, as some people do, to the gate of death, as if there were nothing beyond it to fear; to sport and dance, and eat and drink and sleep, as some people do, under the arch of heaven as if there were no One above it to fear—what is this but the part of the fool who hath said in his heart, There is no God, there is no sin, there is no judgment"? But to face the temptations and perplexities and dangers of the world without yielding to fear, to pass, without trembling, by the dark portals of the grave in a faith that is stronger than fear; to dare to live in the presence of the holy, mighty and loving God in the confidence of a love that casteth out fear—that is courage.

Then there is another sharp distinction between courage and insensibility. Some natures are so constituted that they do not feel pain very keenly. Their nerves are sluggish and deeply hidden. This may be an advantage or a disadvantage; for certainly, if they escape some possibilities of suffering, they must also lose many possibilities of enjoyment. But one thing is sure: to persons of this temperament, fear is comparatively a stranger. They can move forward almost with indifference in situations where a more sensitive nature would be profoundly agitated. Now we must not suppose for a moment that this insensibility makes them brave. It simply exempts them in some measure from the necessity of courage.

The bravest soul is that which feels the tremor and resists it, shrinks from the flame and faces it. Never was a better soldier than the old French marshal, Montluc, who said that he had often gone into battle shaking with fear, and had recovered courage only when he had said a prayer. A pale face, a trembling hand—yes, even a heart that stands still with dread, may belong to a hero who is brave enough to carry them into the midst of conflict without faltering or failing, straight on to victory or death. Courage does not consist in the absence of fear, but in the struggle against and conquest of it.

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Take it in little things. Here is the great, full, heavy dray horse, what is it for him to move stolidly on through noises which do not harm him, and pass strange objects which he does not notice? But when the high mettled, keen sensed thoroughbred goes through the same tumult and past the same objects, with every nerve and muscle quivering, that is courage. It demands no great effort for the voyager who is inured to hardships and trained to steadiness, to guide his frail canoe through the foaming rapids. But for a woman who is by nature sensitive and timid, to sit quiet in the boat, not because she has no fear, but because she will not yield to it—that is brave.

HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.
PASTOR OF THE BRICK CHURCH
NEW YORK CITY

The same thing is true in moral trials. There are some people to whom reproach and ridicule and condemnation mean little. They simply don't care; they are pachydermatous. But there are others to whom the unkind word is like a blow, and the sneer like a sword thrust, and the breath of contempt like the heat of flames; and when they endure these things and face them, and will not be driven by them from the path of duty, they are truly courageous.

Do you understand what I mean? Timidity is no more consistent with faith than faith is simply the overruling and subjugating of doubt by believing where you cannot prove, so courage is simply the conquest and suppression of fear by going straight on in the path of duty and love.

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There is one more distinction that needs to be drawn—the distinction between courage and daring. This distinction is not in kind, but in degree. For daring is only a rare, exceptional kind of courage. It is for great occasions—the battle, the shipwreck, the conflagration. It is an inspiration. Emerson calls it "a flash of moral genius." But courage in the broader sense is an every day virtue. It includes the possibility of daring, if it be called for; but from hour to hour, in the long, steady run of life, courage manifests itself in quieter, humbler forms—in patience under little trials, in perseverance in distasteful labors, in endurance of suffering, in resistance of continual and familiar temptations, in hope and cheerfulness, activity and fidelity, truthfulness and kindness, and such sweet, homely virtues as may find a place in the narrowest and most uneventful life.

II. Now, if this is what we mean by courage, how are we to obtain it? What is it that really strengthens the heart and makes it brave to bear its trials?

Well, there are many lesser things that will help us, such as a simple and wholesome physical life, plain food and vigorous exercise, a steady regard for great moral principles and ideas, a healthful course of reading, a sincere friendship with brave, and true, and single-minded men and women, a habit of self-forgetfulness and consecration to duty. But of these things I have not time to speak, for there is something greater and better than any of these—something which in fact includes them all and sums them up in a word, "Wait on the Lord." That is the truest and deepest source of courage. To believe that He is, and that He has made us for Himself, to love Him, because He is holy and true, and wise and good, and brave beyond all human thought, to lean upon Him and trust Him and rest in Him, with confidence that He will never leave us nor forsake us; to work for Him, and suffer for His sake, and be faithful to His service—that is the way to learn courage.

•

Without God what can you do? You are a [illegible], weak, tempted, mortal creature. The burdens of life will crush you, the evils of sin will destroy you, the tempests of trouble will overwhelm you, the darkness of death will engulf you. But if you are joined to God you can resist, and endure, and fight, and conquer, in His strength.

"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say: . . . Then the proud waters had gone over our soul." It was the Lord who stood by them and sustained them through the storm. Hear Paul: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And again: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." And then hear Christ: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." That is the secret of courage. The lamp that is joined to the electric current glows with light. The soul that is joined to the infinite source of courage in God burns steadfast, serene and inextinguishable through life and death.

III. And now let us ask, how will that virtue courage help us if we obtain it? What will it do for us?

Everything. There is no good thing that we really desire and need that will not be brought nearer to us by this strength of heart. Every day and every hour of our lives it will be a help, a joy, a treasure, a blessing to us.

You men have to go through with your daily toil, and face the perplexities of business life, and resist the temptations to dishonesty and meanness and uncleanness which touch you on every side. If you are brave in Christ you will surely win.

•

You women have to meet your daily household cares, and suffer the pains and trials which belong to a woman's life, and restrain your lips from scandal and your hearts from jealousy and envy. You must be brave. Nowhere does courage shine more brightly than in a true woman—and if you are brave you will "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour" with the charm of pure, unselfish, lovely character and conduct which is a rebuke to all grossness of demeanor and an encouragement to all knighthood and true chivalry.

You boys and girls at school, young men and maidens at college, have to do your work honestly, and speak the truth fearlessly, and avoid evil companionship steadfastly, and live up to your principles modestly and firmly. You must be brave, and sometimes very brave, to do this, and if you have the right courage in the conflicts of youth you will be trained by them to play a noble part in the great battle of life.

And the preacher who speaks to you has to face the constant, exhausting demands of a minister's life, to declare the Divine message without fear or favor, to search the Scriptures and tell men plainly what they teach, without regard to human traditions, caring nothing for old doctrines or new doctrines, but simply and solely for the truth as it is in Jesus, and following it with absolute loyalty whithersoever it may lead. The man who tries to do this needs courage, in order that he may neither be ashamed of the old nor afraid of the new, but ever faithful to the true.

Indeed, we all have the same need. For every one of us there is nothing more desirable, nothing more necessary than real strength of heart. If we can obtain it from the Divine and only source, it will make our lives straight and clean and fine. It will enable us to follow Jesus of Nazareth, who was not only the purest and gentlest but the bravest Spirit that ever dwelt on earth.

•

And do you think if that kind of courage comes into our hearts—the courage of faith, which believes in spite of difficulties, and fights its way through doubt to a firmer assurance, the courage of confession, which overcomes all dread of ridicule or reproach, and is not ashamed of Christ nor of His words, but ready to preach the Gospel at Rome also; the courage of life which goes on trying to be good in spite of failures, and holding fast to the ideal in spite of temptations, and warring for the right in spite of heavy odds, and bearing the appointed burden in spite of weariness, straight through to the end—do you think the courage of death will fail us? We do not know when we shall have to meet the last conflict, that ultimate adventure. But when the hour comes, if we have been brave enough to live aright on earth, we shall be brave enough to die at peace.

Author's Note: The sermons in the Post series represent practical, non-sectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, The Courage That Overcomes, is taken from Sermons to Young Men. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Some of those who have already appeared in this series:

XI	Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII	What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3
XIII	The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept. 10
XIV	Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept. 17
XV	Courage in Common Life	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct. 1
XVI	The Courage That Overcomes	by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	Oct. 8

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

NUMBER XXXIII

By ROBERT BROWNING

with a drawing by ANN ABERCROMBIE MHOON

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.
Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.
At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe—ease!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

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An hour they sat in counsel—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the tramp of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

•

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture, so old-fangled.)

•

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.
Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

•

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press' gripe—
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."
You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

•

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

•

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"
Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

•

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast!
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed,
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

•

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn.
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress—
On which their neighbors lay such stress—
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

•

So, Willie, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

"SMALL FEET WERE PATTERING, WOODEN SHOES CLATTERING"

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES That are Making HISTORY

Commission to Promote American Industry

Some time ago the POST commented on the Act of the late Congress authorizing the appointment of a non-partisan commission of five Senators, five Representatives, and nine citizens, to consider and recommend what legislation is necessary to promote immigration, agriculture, manufacturing, and to adjust the relations of capital to labor.

President McKinley, under this Act, has appointed the following commissioners: From the Senate, Messrs. Kyle, of South Dakota, Populist; Penrose, of Pennsylvania, Republican; Mantle, of Montana, Silver Republican; and Daniel, of Virginia, and Mallory, of Florida, both Democrats. From the House, Messrs. Gardner, of New Jersey, Mortimer, of Illinois, and Lovering, of Massachusetts, all Republicans; Livingston, of Georgia, Democrat; and Bell, of Colorado, Populist.

Appointed from private life are Andrew L. Harris, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio; S. N. D. North, Secretary of the National Wool Manufacturers' Association; Frank B. Sargeant, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; E. A. Smyth, of South Carolina, representing employers and manufacturers; John M. Farquhar, of New York, ex-Member of Congress and a printer; Eugene D. Cougar, of Michigan; Thomas W. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, author of the Act; M. D. Racheford, of Indiana, President of the United Iron Workers' Association of America; and C. J. Harris, of North Carolina.

Rescue of Wrecked Arctic Sailors

Under the pressure of stirring events nearer home the public lost sight of the fact that a number of American whalers had been wrecked in the Arctic Ocean, and that the Government had sent the revenue cutter Bear from Alaska in search of survivors.

This expedition reached Point Clarence on July 9, and returned there with all the shipwrecked sailors on board, after a most perilous voyage far into the northern seas, on August 23. At one time the Bear was so solidly squeezed in a pack of ice off Point Barrow that it was feared she would meet the fate of the whaling vessels wrecked further north. Much of the success of the expedition was due to the prompt and untiring assistance given by the natives and their reindeer.

Thirty-two Millions for Dock Improvements

At the recent session of the British Parliament two acts were passed giving the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board the necessary authority to make the proposed improvements and extensions in the Liverpool dock system. The extent of this work may be judged by the amount authorized by Parliament to be spent.

The exact total provided for in the two acts is $24,115,320, of which $6,804,000 is supplementary to the sum of $7,776,000 authorized by a special act of 1891, for extending, deepening, and otherwise improving the docks. The three acts, therefore, sanction the enormous expenditure of $31,891,320 for these improvements. Even this amount is not the real total, for besides these special authorizations the Board is constantly making ordinary betterments out of its revenue.

Handling the Church in the Philippines

The POST has already commented on the status of the clergy in the Spanish possessions that have come under the control of the United States, and believes that, so far as Cuba and Porto Rico are concerned, the future of the religious organizations is susceptible of an arrangement that will be fair to all parties interested. Religious conditions in the Philippines, however, are vastly different. It will be remembered that the reforms demanded of Spain by the insurgents a year ago included the abolition of the right of the priests to control civil and political affairs. Not only religion and education, but colonial and local elections, colonial and municipal government, the collection of customs and taxes, and a variety of financial and even judicial functions were left almost wholly in the hands of the priests.

A confirmation of the conditions and of the justice of the insurgents' demands have since appeared in an article by Señor Castelar in the Nouvelle Revue Internationale. He speaks in the plainest language of the clergy, and declares that the religious orders should be reduced to the accomplishment of their religious mission; that they should be deprived of their political privileges in order to give them back to the people; and that they should not be permitted to intrude in any way in the politics of the archipelago. This indicates the possible duty of the United States.

Making American Citizens of Hawaiians

The Commission appointed by the President to prepare and recommend to Congress a plan for the government of the Hawaiian Islands, have completed their labors in Honolulu, and are preparing their report for Congress. In a general way, and subject to some final modifications, the Commission recommends that the official designation of the annexed territory shall be the Territory of Hawaii; that the form of government shall be based on the existing plan for governing the home territories; that local self-government shall be accorded through the extension of the municipal idea; that the islands shall be divided into municipal districts having control of purely local affairs; and that a recognition of the ultimate possibility of Statehood shall be pronounced.

It is deemed essential that the Government shall speedily do all within its power to justify the Hawaiians in calling and feeling themselves American citizens. In the task of gradually weaning the people from the associations of National importance, which have grown up in three-quarters of a century, and inspiring in them a proper appreciation of their citizenship in the great American republic, the commercial, educational, benevolent and social elements of the country should be earnestly invoked.

War Loan Unnecessary but Beneficial

The success of the War Revenue Bill, the extraordinary expansion of our foreign commerce, and the speedy termination of hostilities, have made it evident that the war loan of $200,000,000 was really unnecessary. Of course, when it was authorized, none of the causes of an accumulation in the United States Treasury of a gold reserve of over $219,000,000, the largest amount it has ever held, were apparent. The revenue bill was expected to yield a large minimum amount, and already its returns are proportionately far in excess of the maximum expectation. On the other hand, the war was treated as an event likely to be prolonged to the end of the present year, at least, and appropriations were made accordingly.

With the signing of the protocol of peace the Government began a vigorous reduction of expenses. To-day the expenditures are rapidly diminishing, and the receipts rapidly increasing, with the result that the Treasury is getting in more money than the Government has use for. The war loan, however, had a silent influence of incalculable worth. A subscription of eight times the amount called for showed how ready and determined the people were to stand by the Government. It also aided materially in preventing foreign interference.

Imperial Sacrifice to Anarchy

Anarchism's murderous hand has again been raised against Governmental authority, and this time a woman has fallen. The beloved Elizabeth of Austria, noble by right of nature as well as of birth, popular as Empress, and universally esteemed as a benefactor of the poor and suffering, had not a personal enemy in the world. Returning to her favorite Swiss resort, Montreux, from a quiet excursion to Geneva, she was twice stabbed by an Italian anarchist, and died within a short time.

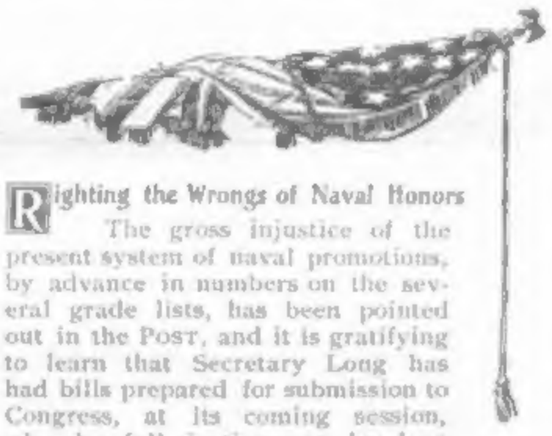
Her assassin acknowledged his nationality and lawless connections, and manifested gratification over his damnable deed. He had been seeking the Due d' Orleans, to kill him, but he had left Geneva before the Italian's arrival. He learned through the newspapers of the presence of the Austrian Empress, and had sought an opportunity to kill her all the previous day. In this case the assassin had no grievance against his victim, had never seen her, and only knew that she was an Empress. It is believed that he and seven associates had been selected to kill the King of Italy, and when the conspiracy was foiled all were charged with cowardice. Then Luccesi sought to prove his courage by striking the highest person it was possible to reach.

Spain Yielding to the Inevitable

The special session of the Spanish Cortes called to take action on the protocol of peace was a most inharmonious assembly. Despite bitter attacks by the Republicans and Carlists, Premier Sagasta carried his points to prevent a discussion of the facts of the war and an open session of either the Chamber or Senate. The Cabinet submitted the text of a bill authorizing the Government to conclude peace, signed by all the ministers, of which the following is the most vital clause:

> "The Government is authorized to renounce rights of sovereignty and to cede territory in the Spanish colonies in accordance with the peace preliminaries agreed upon with the Government of the United States of America."

At the time of writing, the Senate had adopted the protocol by both a sitting and a standing vote, and the Government had sent to the French Ambassador in Washington a long statement respecting the Philippines, to be communicated verbally to the United States Government. In this statement Spain protested against the capitulation of Manila because it was made two days after the protocol was signed, and insisted on having the revenue from the Manila customs and the Spanish prisoners in Aguinaldo's custody.



Righting the Wrongs of Naval Honors

The gross injustice of the present system of naval promotions, by advance in numbers on the several grade lists, has been pointed out in the POST, and it is gratifying to learn that Secretary Long has had bills prepared for submission to Congress, at its coming session, whereby full justice may be done the heroes of the present war as well as other efficient officers who lacked the opportunities for personal distinction.

These bills aim to provide that promotions may be made without loss of standing to those not directly affected by the promotions, and that officers, who have suffered in numbers and otherwise by promotions already made, shall receive the promotion which would have been due them at certain times had no exceptional promotions been made. Under these bills officers who had no opportunity for winning special promotion during war will be able to retain their numbers. At present, promotions can only be made under very restricted provisions of law, which are wholly inadequate in a state of war, and really injure more officers than they honor.

Germany's Antidote for Labor Strikes

Emperor William of Germany has decided on a drastic antidote for the evils of labor strikes. He has given much personal attention to the details of a bill for the promotion of the labor interests of the Empire, that will be submitted to the Reichstag at its approaching session, and has inspired many debatable provisions.

The clause that will naturally provoke the sharpest controversy in the Reichstag, and the strongest opposition among the people the bill aims to protect, is the punitive one. This provides for the imprisonment at hard labor of any one seeking to prevent workmen who are willing to work from pursuing their vocation, and also for the punishment of those who even incite workmen to strike.

In the United States, the evils of strikes are slowly working out the salvation of the workmen. Friendly arbitration, rather than the clubs of the police and the bullets of the militia, is rapidly growing in favor.

International War on Anarchism

The assassination of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria has demonstrated to the nations of the world more acutely than ever the necessity of concerted action against Anarchism. Several European Governments have caused the enactment of severe anti-Anarchistic laws, and there is reason for the belief that the United States Government has secretly placed itself in coöperation with those of Europe with a view of forcibly checking the rapid spread of Anarchism.

The expulsion of Louise Michel from Belgium before she had an opportunity to begin a fortnight's lecturing tour, and her failure to visit the United States for the same purpose, both last year, are attributed to this secret international understanding. As local laws and mutual agreements have failed to stay the hand of the assassin, more rigorous measures are required. The Anarchist should be treated everywhere as a vindictive enemy to the public.

Probing War Bureau Methods

The distressing recitals of the privations and neglect to which our soldiers have been subjected in camps and on transports and hospital ships, together with the emphatic declarations of General Miles, led Secretary Alger to request the President to order an investigation of the Quartermaster, Commissary and Medical Bureaus of the War Department during the war and since the signing of the protocol. In accordance with the request the President asked nine men to act as a committee, and expressed his desire that the full and exact truth should be ascertained and made known.

The wisdom of appointing such a committee at the time it was done was seriously criticised. It was almost positively known that President McKinley gave assent to Secretary Alger's request with extreme reluctance. The scope of the inquiry was not deemed sufficiently broad to satisfy the popular clamor, and the certainty of a thorough investigation by Congress was urged against a prior action that at best would be barren of really practical results.

Cretan Christians Again Imperiled

The attempt of the British military authorities in Candia, Island of Crete, to install Christian officials led to a collision with the Mussulmen, who were irritated against the international administration of the island. The war between Turkey and Greece has never been officially terminated, though actual hostilities ceased months ago. Pending a territorial and financial settlement that will meet the approval of the Great Powers, the Island of Crete, which was the first cause of the war, was placed under the joint administration of the Powers.

The British authorities at Candia appointed a council of international control to administer the tithe revenues. This council was composed of Christians, and to guard against possible trouble a detachment of soldiers was stationed outside the office. A crowd of unarmed Mussulmen attempted to force an entrance to the office, when the British soldiers opened fire and wounded several. The Mussulmen, speedily armed, attacked the soldiers, and raided the Christian quarter, killing a large number of Christians and burning many shops and dwellings. A British war-ship shelled the city, and the foreign Admirals immediately took possession of the disturbed region.

A Model College Settlement

Hull House in Chicago, the most advanced of the college settlement experiments in the United States, is about to increase its unique attractions by a $12,000 building to be used as a theatre and a concert and lecture hall. This institution, under the management of Jane Addams, greatly differs from other university and college settlements in that it has no organization and does not limit its residents to college graduates. Residents pay board and give their work free.

The settlement aims to learn and meet the needs of all its neighbors, and already the activities include a branch reading-room of the Free Public Library; a coöperative boarding club of working girls; college extension lectures and classes; a kindergarten for children; sewing and cooking classes for girls; gymnasium; coffee house; day nursery; diet kitchen; fresh-air fund; provident savings bank; and a system of relief in money, clothing and food. More than 1000 persons—men and women—receive all the advantages of Hull House, weekly.

Li Hung Chang Laid Low by Salisbury

Another turn of the Chinese kaleidoscope has revealed Great Britain again ahead of Russia in their contest for local dominating influence. The sudden dismissal of Li Hung Chang from the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, on the demand of the British Minister at Peking, backed by threats of severer measures, gives Lord Salisbury the opportunity for carrying out his declared protecting policy toward China and insures local respect for concessions granted to British subjects. The deposed statesman was openly accused of

lending his great influence to further Russian schemes at the expense of British concessions, and of being responsible for the decided anti-British attitude of the Chinese Foreign Office.

There are evidences that the Emperor, the Dowager Empress, and many of the most progressive men in the Empire favor British domination, but in the absence of strong action by Great Britain they were unable to resist the persistent pressure of Russia. The removal of Li Hung Chang excited no surprise in Peking, because it had become known that he personally negotiated the Lu-Han railway contract with Russia, and that he had deliberately deceived the Foreign Office regarding its terms.

High School of Political Assassination

Italy is the hot-bed of Anarchism, because the Anarchist societies there are better organized than elsewhere. The rules of the societies require that all new members swear solemnly in the presence of their colleagues to labor mentally and physically to effect the triumph of what they denominate the Social Revolution, and meanwhile to obey blindly the orders of their superiors, without regard to life or their affections.

No man has been singled out for assassination by the Anarchists more times than King Humbert. The Italian Parliament passed severe repressive measures, and the Attorney-General of the province of Milan was the first to fall for trying to execute them. France has contributed a number of notable assassins; but the majority, wherever operating, have been Italians in birth or in origin.

Railroad Hospital of the Army

From early June till mid-September the Army hospital railroad train, the only one this country has ever had, traveled more than 30,000 miles and transported over 2000 sick and wounded soldiers from troopships and camps. This train consists of thirteen cars, and is thoroughly equipped with every convenience and necessity of a modern hospital. It is under the charge of Surgeon Charles Richards, U. S. A.

In its various runs about the country, Surgeon Richards has limited its load of fever patients to 140 at a time, and of convalescents to 250, though more of each class could have been accommodated in an emergency. Much was expected of this train when first projected, but the peculiar exigencies of the military service soon increased its value far beyond the highest hopes.

Aguinaldo's Few and Modest Demands

It is only by the exercise of a high degree of diplomacy on the part of the American officers at Manila that the insurgent leader, Aguinaldo, has been held in check since the occupation of the city by American troops. The situation grows more acute daily, and at any moment the world may hear of harsh and extreme action by Admiral Dewey and General Otis.

Aguinaldo has continued to make impossible demands on the American officers, to embarrass them in their efforts to preserve order, and, more serious still, to recruit large numbers of men for his Army, even resorting to the impressment of employes of foreign residents. His chief demand is for equality with the Americans in occupation, government, revenue, and representation before the Peace Commission. If a half of his demands were granted, he would practically control the situation. His aim is still absolute independence under himself, though a large part of his followers favor an American protectorate.

A Banner Year for Crime

In recent years, 1894 was the most prolific in outrages against civil government and social order. The next two years were comparatively free from such crimes. Last year, however, Anarchists became more active. In April, another unsuccessful attempt was made to murder King Humbert, of Italy; in August, Señor Canovas del Castillo, Premier of Spain, was killed at Santa Agueda, and President Borda, of Uruguay, at Montevideo; in September, an unsuccessful attempt on the life of President Diaz, of Mexico, was made; and in November a murderous assault was made on President Morales, of Brazil, and though he escaped with his life, his Minister of War, General Bettancourt, was mortally wounded.

This year President Barrios, of Guatemala, was assassinated in February, and the Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, in September. It has been declared that the last murder was the first of a series planned in Italy to involve the principal rulers of Europe.

Under the Evening Lamp

Half Hours With Song and Story

Where Custom Demands a Covered Head

WHEN men meet together in public assemblies or in social life—as in a theatre or a reception—the ordinary custom is to uncover while they are seated and to wear their hats as they enter or leave the place, says the Nineteenth Century. In Parliamentary life that rule is reversed. Members have their heads covered as they flit about the Palace of Westminster, but in the Chamber they can wear their hats only when they are seated on the benches.

As they walk to their seats, or rise to leave the Chamber, they must be uncovered. This custom is the source of much confusion to new members, and has given rise to many funny contretemps. The House never fails to show its resentment of a breach of etiquette, however trivial. It will, without distinction of party, unanimously roar with indignation at a new member who, ignorant or unmindful of the Parliamentary custom, wears his hat as he walks up or down the floor of the Chamber.

An amusing incident occurred in the early days of the first session of the present Parliament. An offending member, startled by the shout which greeted him as he was leaving the Chamber with his hat on his head, instead of in his hand, paused in the middle of the floor and looked around with an expression of fright and perplexity.

"Hat, hat!" shouted the House. This only embarrassed him the more. He felt his trousers pockets and his coat-tails for the offending article of attire. He even looked at his feet to see it he were wearing it at that extremity of his person. It is impossible to conjecture what might have happened further had not an Irish member, amid the loud laughter of the House, politely taken off the hat of the confused legislator, and then handed it to him with a courtly bow.

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What Alaska Owes to the Candle-Fish

WHEN the Alaskan is snowed in, and is without a light, he inserts the tail of a candle-fish into a crack in the table and touches a match to its nose. It gives a clear three-candle-power light. The backbone is largely formed of phosphorus, which fully accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substitute for cod-liver oil retards rapid burning, as tallow acts in an ordinary candle.

The fish is valuable as food. It may also be used as a substitute for cod-liver oil, which, aiding the natural heat of the body, serves as a protection from the severe cold. It is to be hoped that scientists will discover a way by which the skin of this fish may be made into clothing and its backbone sharpened into miners' picks.

Dancing With the United Kingdom

DOCTOR SHARK is a man who believes in the rational treatment of patients in his private lunatic asylum, says the London Figaro. He gives them picnics in summer and balls in winter, and other amusements. Taking one consideration with another I should imagine that lunacy, under these conditions, is rather a pleasant thing. I always look forward to the dances he gives, for after considerable experience I have come to the conclusion that idiotic partners are rather less idiotic than the commonplace misses one meets at ordinary balls.

She was sitting in the corner of the room toying with a fan—a large, massive woman whom one would no more have suspected of being insane than of being consumptive. I asked the Doctor to introduce me, for I admire fine women. He did so, and I sat down beside her. We spoke about the weather, as new acquaintances will. She was perfectly rational on that point, at any rate. She thought it was appalling. I mentioned casually that I had been to Torquay for a brief holiday.

"Do you know it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—there it is," she replied.

I looked in the direction which she pointed, and saw a rather extensive foot incased in a dancing-shoe.

"That is the Land's End," she said reflectively, indicating the place where the little toe of her right foot might be supposed to lie, "and that is the Lizard there. I am the United Kingdom, you know," she added with a quiet dignity that seemed to presume I must know it—without her telling me.

I bowed in silence. It was a colossal idea, and not to be comprehended all at once—that was perfectly certain.

"That is the North Foreland over there," she went on, tapping her left foot. "I have had some trouble with it lately, and oh," and her voice became plaintive, "I was afraid they were going to take Ireland from me," and she glanced at her big left arm.

I thought it better that we should join in the dance, for these geographical confidences threatened to become embarrassing. So I put my arm round the top of Lincolnshire and the base of Yorkshire, and as far into Lancashire as I could get (for her waist was more than eighteen inches), and we danced.

"My ear is burning so, I am afraid there must be a storm on the coast of Aberdeen," were the last words I heard her say as I led her back to her seat in the corner.

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The Baby and the Soldiers

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men, with swords by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men in camp.

They reach the spot where the mother stands
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The Captain laughs out: "I'll give you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
Too gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts the baby with manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the Captain," the soldiers call,
"The baby, we know, has one for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed,
And louder it laughs, and mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him";
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.
—Boston Transcript.

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The Mystery of Shining Shoes

"DID it ever occur to you," said a chemist, to a writer in the Albany Telegram, "what a remarkable and unique process the blacking of boots is? You see, we smear the boot with a preparation of bone-black, which is entirely devoid of lustre, and then by the friction of a dry brush make it shine like the sun. There is not another process like this anywhere in the arts, so far as I know, and I never read anywhere any scientific explanation of the process.

"My solution of the seeming mystery lies in the fact that a diamond is nothing but crystallized carbon. The blacking is a little more than carbon paste, and the friction of a hair-brush being one of the most efficient methods of generating electricity has the effect of crystallizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and, of course, begins to shine as a mass of diamonds would. Of course, this is not a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. What part the other ingredients of the blacking play, and especially why it is that the blacking must be moistened, I cannot tell."

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First Postage Stamp in America

IT IS believed that the first postage stamp used in this country was one designed by the Hon. E. A. Mitchell, postmaster of New Haven, Connecticut, in the year 1847. It was brown in color, printed on ordinary paper, and about the size of the present Government stamp, and signed by Mr. Mitchell. He issued it for the convenience of the citizens, who complained of the delay occasioned by their being unable to prepare letters except in the office hours.

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Kipling's Advice to Boys

TWO English schoolboys who run a school newspaper have drawn a letter from Rudyard Kipling, which the London Mail reprints:

"Cape Town, Easter Monday, 1898.—To the Editors' School Budget—Gentlemen: I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with a copy of the School Budget, February 14, and you seem to be in possession of all the cheek that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed, and in what county of England is Horsmonden.

"But, on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I much approve of your 'Hints on the Schoolboy Etiquette,' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more for consideration, as following:

"First—If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save your being asked to 'say it again.'

"Second—The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favorite pro tem., (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construe and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N. B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

"Third—A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on a Monday morning.

"Fourth—Never shirk a master out of bounds. Pass him with an abstracted eye and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission from someone else.

"Fifth—When pursued by the native farmer, always take to the nearest plowed land. Men stick to furrows that boys can run over.

"Sixth—If it is necessary to take other people's apples, do it on Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to put them into a tight 'Eton.'

"You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal order for six pence at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page. Faithfully yours, RUDYARD KIPLING."

Young Men Who Have Startled the World

MANY of the greatest careers have been made by young men, says the Baltimore Sun. Washington was but forty-three when he was called to the command of the American Revolutionary Army. Henry Clay was speaker of the House of Representatives at thirty-four. Stephen A. Douglas was but thirty-nine when he first became a candidate for the Presidency. John Jay was Chief-Justice of the United States at forty-five.

James G. Blaine was only thirty-nine when he became speaker of the House of Representatives. Alexander Hamilton took charge of the treasury at thirty-two years of age. Martin Van Buren, at thirty-six, organized the famous Albany Regency, and was Governor of New York at forty.

John C. Calhoun, in his forty-second year, was Vice-President of the United States. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was Vice-President at thirty-two, and a candidate for the Presidency at thirty-five. George B. McClellan was only thirty-eight when nominated for the Presidency.

In military life especially young men have been most conspicuous. General Grant was but forty years of age when he began winning a name for himself in our Civil War, and was only forty-three when the war closed.

Napoleon was master of France and Europe before his thirtieth birthday. Alexander the Great had conquered the world and left it before he was thirty-three years old. Fremont, the Pathfinder, had explored the Rocky Mountains before he was thirty, and was a candidate for the Presidency at forty-three years of age.

Columbus was in the thirties when he explained his ideas of the Western Passage and enlisted the Spanish sovereigns in the project that led to the discovery of America.

Richard Cobden was but thirty-four when he founded the Anti-Corn Law League, which revolutionized the commercial policy of Great Britain.

William Pitt, ranked by some historians as the greatest of modern British premiers, was practically ruler of England at twenty-four.

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The Deepest Mine-Shaft in the World

IT IS claimed, and with reason, says Industries and Iron, London, that the Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla copper-mine is the deepest in the world. It has taken nine years of day-and-night work to sink, and has cost $2,500,000. This shaft is vertical, but all the other shafts of the Calumet and Hecla follow the dip of the lode. Work on it was started in 1889, immediately after the last of the three great underground fires in the older workings of the mine, which did damage of more than a million dollars. Work has been continued upon it night and day since that time, and the shaft stands without a parallel in mining. It is 4900 feet in depth, or 380 feet less than a mile. It contains six compartments, each equal in size to an ordinary mining-shaft, four of which are used for hoisting rock and lowering timber. One is utilized for the ladder-ways, and the sixth compartment carries the wires and pipes for telephones, light, power, water, and compressed air.

Cyrano de Bergerac, by Edmond Rostand

EDMOND ROSTAND'S success has been as sudden and splendid as the climax of a fairy tale. A few months ago he was quite unknown, save to a few who were curious in modern French plays. To-day it is only a slight exaggeration to say that he is the most conspicuous figure in light literature. There are poets and there are playwrights; M. Rostand has proved himself both poet and playwright.

But the secret of his success lies even deeper. He saw that the public was tired of the problem play; that it was still capable of deriving pleasure from frank love-making and masculine sword play; that it found something more refreshing in the adventures of d'Artagnan than in the homely vicissitudes of a Scottish minister. The success of Cyrano de Bergerac means not only a return to the drama of cloak and sword—of stirring adventure and heroic love—it means, as well, that poetry has been welcomed back to the stage. And thus it comes to pass that the day of its production—December 28, 1897—is a notable date in dramatic annals.

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M. Rostand is the youngest of famous men. He was born at Marseilles, April 1, 1868. Before he was twenty, a little play of his, The Red Glove, had been produced at an important Paris theatre. Two other plays brought him some reputation, and, two years ago, when Mme. Sara Bernhardt brought out The Samaritan, a Biblical poem in three acts, it was evident that the stage had found a new poet.

Cyrano de Bergerac was received in Paris with an enthusiasm that recalled the famous "first nights" of Victor Hugo's early plays. In London it was welcomed quite as warmly. An English version is to be brought out in a few weeks by Mr. Richard Mansfield, who may well rival M. Coquelin in the rôle of the swordsman, lover and poet. An excellent translation of this play has just appeared (William Heinemann, London). It is the work of Miss Gladys Thomas and Miss Mary E. Guillemard, who is, I believe, M. Rostand's sister-in-law. The play is founded on the life of Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac, a half-forgotten writer of the seventeenth century. He is best remembered as the author of The Comic History of the Moon, a rather dreary book. It was from this comic history, however, that Dean Swift took the ground-plan of Gulliver's Travels. Indeed, Cyrano furnished ideas to a number of writers, notably Moliere. Soldier, scholar, poet—a bit of a vagabond, too—the real Cyrano seems to have been especially designed to figure as the swaggering hero of a romantic and adventurous drama.

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The play opens in 1640. The scene is laid in the hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne. It is a sort of tennis court, where the theatrical performances of the day are given. For this afternoon, La Chlorise, of Baro, has been announced, and the actor Montfleury is to take the leading rôle. The spectators all assemble—troopers, burghers, lackeys, pages, pickpockets; and then, after awhile, a dainty Marquise and the fine ladies of the Court. Cyrano, this gay and reckless trooper of the Guards, is not present. His friends remark his absence, for he has sworn that Montfleury shall not appear on the stage—because the actor has ogled the Lady Roxane, Cyrano's cousin and the woman he loves.

The show—the little play within a play—begins; the drone pipes sound and Montfleury enters. He has hardly drawled out the first few words of his part when a voice cries from the pit: "Villain! Did I not forbid you to show your face here for a month?" It is Cyrano; and with fine bluster he drives the player from the stage. He is d'Artagnan and Don Quixote rolled into one, this Cyrano, "the maddest fighter of all his visored crew—with his triple-plumed helmet and six-pointed doublet; but above his Taby ruff he carries a nose—ah! good my lords, what a nose is his!" This nose, formidable, burlesque as Quasimodo's hump, excites the laughter of the fine gentlemen. One of them, the Viscount de Valvert, drawls insolently, "Sir, your nose is—h'm—it is—very big."

"Is that all?" Cyrano asks imperturbably. "You might at least have said a hundred things by varying the tone."

That the hundred things may not be unsaid, Cyrano says them himself; then the jests grow bitter, and they fight. As their swords cross Cyrano declaims a ballade:

"I gayly doff my beaver low,
And, freeing hand and heel,
My heavy mantle off I throw,
And I draw my polished steel;
Graceful as Phœbus round I wheel,
Alert as Scaramouch,
A word in your ear, Sir Spark, I steal—
At the envoi's end I touch."

And suiting the deed to the word, at the envoi's end he runs the Viscount through.

Cyrano and his friend Le Bret are left alone on the stage, and there comes a pretty message from his cousin Roxane, saying that she will meet him next day, and another message that one of his friends is to be ambushed by a hundred bravos. Need it be told how Cyrano—this mad hero—routs them all, sword in hand, and comes off with hardly a wound? It is the first act.

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The scene of the second act is in the poets' eating-house. Cyrano drives out the vagrant poets, for it is here he is to meet Roxane. While he waits he writes a love letter to her. At last she comes. The dainty Roxane is a wit and a precieuse; she loves words that glisten and rustle; she is an adept in all the fanciful culture of the court of Louis XIII. There in the pastry shop, between this shining, ironic girl and the swaggering swordsman, there takes place one of the tenderest and most delicate love-scenes in modern dramatic literature. Only when you have read the scene (for this is a play to read, as well as to see) will you understand the charm of this new poet. In the end, Cyrano learns that his cousin loves not him, but a young gascon, Christian de Neuvillette, who has just entered the Guards. It is for him that she asks her cousin's protection.

She has hardly gone ere Cyrano's devotion is put to the test. The Guards troop in. Christian is with them, and, in sheer bravado, he makes sport of Cyrano's nose. The fortunate lover is a handsome fellow, but witless and stupid. Paying no heed to his insolence, Cyrano takes him aside and tells him of Roxane's love. Christian has love in plenty, but not a pennyworth of eloquence. He cannot even spell out a letter to the lady, and so Cyrano gives him a letter to send—the very one that he himself had written and had thought to send to Roxane.

The Comte de Guiche is the villain of the play. He, too, loves Roxane, but in no honorable manner. It is to balk him that Cyrano hurries on his cousin's marriage to Christian. But first there is a scene under Roxane's balcony. She leans there, among the jasmines, like Juliet—and, in the dusk below, her lover woos her. But the good Christian, honest and stupid as a deer, can only stammer out a plain "I love you."

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Roxane, who loves wit more than good looks—who loves the handsome soldier only because she thinks him a poet—draws back in disappointment. At this critical moment, Cyrano pushes the tongue-tied lover aside and takes his place. In words that are all poetry he woos her. It is his own soul that he pours out, but the voice is that of Christian, and for Christian he wins her.

A passing monk performs the wedding ceremony, and the Comte de Guiche arrives only in time to take the poor revenge of ordering the husband off to the wars.

The fourth act is at the siege of Arras. The besieging Army has been itself besieged. The Cadets of Gascony, the company to which Cyrano and Christian belong, holds the place of danger. In addition to danger there is famine. Were it not for Cyrano there would be despair. As they make ready for the last fight, a carriage drives into the camp.

"On the King's service!"

All uncover and bow to the ground, and Roxane, with a merry "Good day," jumps lightly down from the carriage.

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"On the King's service? You?" cries the commander.

"Ay—King Love's. What other King?" says Roxane.

"But how did you pass through the Spanish lines?"

Then says Roxane: "I but drove quietly forward in my carriage, and when some hidalgo of haughty mien would have stayed me, lo, I showed at the window my sweetest smile, and these Señors being (with no disrespect to you) the most gallant gentlemen in the world—I passed on."

There is hardly time for a kiss before the assault is sounded. The fighting is fierce. Christian is the first to fall. Cyrano, swearing to avenge his death, plunges into the battle and leads his men to victory.

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Fifteen years have passed since the siege of Arras. The scene—it is the last act—is in the park of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Paris. There Roxane has spent the years, thinking of her dear husband, reading and re-reading the letters he had sent her; and once every week Cyrano comes to visit her, and they talk over the dead past. He loves her as he has always loved her, loyally and silently. He has never revealed to her that he was the poet who won her heart; that Christian's handsome face was but a mask for his soul of a poet.

The years have had their way with Cyrano. His rhymes and his sword have made him many enemies. And this day, as he is on his way to visit Roxane, they take their revenge. A lackey lets fall a beam of wood on his head. Half-stunned—for it is his death-blow—Cyrano makes his way to the convent to keep his appointment. At first he conceals his wound from Roxane, but at last, in a delirium, he tells her the secret of his life-long love:

That night when 'neath your window Christian spoke—
Under your balcony, you remember? Well,
There was the allegory of my whole life.
I, in the shadow, at the ladder's foot,
While others lightly mount to Love and Fame.
Just, very just! Here on the threshold dread
Of death I pay my tribute with the rest,
To Molière's genius—Christian's fair face.
(The chapel bell chimes. The nuns are seen passing down the alley at the back, to say their office.)
Let them go pray, go pray, when the bell rings.

Roxane: Live, for I love you.

Cyrano: No. In fairy-tales
When to the ill-starred Prince the lady says
'I love you,' all his ugliness fades fast—
But I remain the same, up to the last.

•

Cyrano de Bergerac is one of the few modern plays that deserve a place in the library as well as on the stage. It is not only a fine romance of love and war, witty, tender and gay, but it is charming poetry. M. Rostand has told the story of a brave and beautiful deed, and he has told it in brave and beautiful rhymes. That the play should lose much in translation is perhaps inevitable. Miss Thomas and Miss Guillemard have turned the rhymed lines into English blank verse of a rather prosaic sort. Instead of M. Rostand's purple they have given us hodden-gray. Their translation is literal. Indeed, it is often too literal. There are phrases that are English only in intention. On the whole, however, it is a commendable piece of work.

And then—

Cyrano is as gallant a hero as the stage has seen since Ruy Blas. He is a true son of Victor Hugo—even to that grotesque nose:

Belle lame, laid fourreau,
Dans mon âme, je suis beau.

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